In this issue THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

BEGINS HIS OWN STORY OF

A Royal Boyhood

DECEMBER 8, 1947 1 CENTS



With hair like this, you'll hear:

nello, handsome

Good looking hair turns more heads than a tennis match. Girls forget their dates, Bosses remember raises. All because you catch their eye with wellgroomed, handsome hair. So better use ...



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Here at last is record reproduction the classics deserve! Crisp, clear, incredibly lifelike! The remarkable new plastic surfaces of Columbia Musterworks Records actually recreate the wonder of living nussic. And what music there is to choose from this Christmas! Hitlserto unreconded masterworks! Magnificent new interpretations of your lavorites! See your Columbia Record dealer for the great achievements in records!

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with Mitten Hatters, kiels

Mozart ; Quintit in D Major for Strings (K. 500)

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with issue charge and authorite conducted by Sylven Shukman Strigs of Wiston Herbert Columbia Masterworks See 51M 657

GYORGY SANDOR

with Artur Rodzimski conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestria of New York

Rackmuninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C Missor for Plano and Orchestra. Dp. 14 Calembra Mashirworks Set MM-005

with supporting cool and archesive under the streetien of

Lawle Carroll: Alice in Wooderland (A Children's Wasic Brasia.

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She sings as magnificently in your own home now as she does at the Metropolitan Opera because she's now recording exclusively for Columbia Masterworks Records.

Hear the great artists at their best on





natural color tone radio

ARE the people on your shopping list youngsters, oldsters or in-betweens . . . homebodies or are they always on the

Christmas gift than a handsome G-E radio.

Those who live—or listen—by the clock will find a G-E clocks radio as welcome as Santa himself. For a happy combination of convenience and beauty choose a smart G-E table radio or a compact G-E portable.

go? Whoever they are, you couldn't pick a more appropriate

Give the record lovers on your list a G-E automatic radiophonograph for memorable moments of music in natural color
row. Even familiar records reveal new beauty when touched
by the magic of the new G-E Electronic Reproducer.
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the heartiest "Merry Christmas."



Sentational new G-E clock-rodio. It's a clock, a "superber" radio, and an electronic reminder. Wakes you up to music. Turns on programs automatically at any time. Dozens of uses. Plenty of power... fine, full tone. Model 62, white plastic. Model 60, rosewood plastic.





ERADER IN RADIO TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

Commit Commit Company, Distribute Fact, Springer, N. Y.



Belliant in its beauty and tene-this G-E cable-radio has a smartly designed rosewood plastic cabinet. Sharp tuning. National color tone. Model 202.



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General Electric's finest table 72-... die-phonograph. Automatic changer. Natural color tane. ... Amuzing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 304.

How to make each meal a Triple Treat!



Pull up the chairs! ... Prune juice, strimp for main dish, green esparagus tips, tomatoes for casserols, grapofeut sections for salads, pumplun for pie, coffee . . . and shoy all come to you in cans!

Home Chef Goes "High Hat"

Once you've learned the menu tricks you can do with modern canned foods, you're well on the way to high cookery—and a "reputation"! How proudly you serve "out-of-season" dishes! To say nothing of your pride as "one of those people who can whip up a swell meal in no time"!

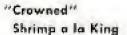


Economy? Oh My - Oh Me!

When it comes to economy—all you have to remember is that, in addition to their low cost, there's no weste in canned foods.

And of course you know you should serve the juices as well as the solids!

Unused portions can safely be left right in the can—covered, and stored in the refrigerator.



Prepare a buttery white sauce seasoned with a pinch of celery salt, a dash of cayenne, and a tublespoonful of sherry. Add canned shrimp, drained, and heat thoroughly in double boiler. Pour into a "crown" of fluffy hot rice, and garnish with parsley and lemon.





CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK



Next pajamas, old friend, look for "Sanforized" on the label →

To be jotted down—if you're "fed up" with pajamas which keep binding you from excessive shrinkage, look—PLEASE LOOK!—for the "Sanforized" trade-mark before you buy your next set!

Informed men (and women) always look for it on washable shirts, shorts, pajamas, work clothes, slacks, women's and children's wear.

"Sanforized" on the label means: "fabric can't shrink more than a trifling 1%!"



The comfort never shrinks away from the garment with the "Sanforized" trade-mark

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked by the owner of the trade-mark to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. Class. Probably & Co., Inc.

GFW6-P2U-PJ12 Copyrighted material



Just an idea of what can almost be done with new Benex Brushless Shave!

beards become

15 water

with

What a boon to man and blade! Water-bearing Benex lets bristles soak up 20% or more of their weight in water. And stay water-logged all shave long!

Soaks the backbone right out of your bristles!

Smooth this wonderful Henex on your wet face. In just seconds it melts away the tough, oily, razor-resisting hide on your bristles. Your whiskers begin taking on water like a thirsty camel, And then...

You can practically flick 'em off!

Yessir! In no time, wonderful new Benex has your whiskers so soggy they're setups for the blade! Then ...once around your face and look at your skin! Chair-boy smoothness! May-morning freshness! Oh, what a wonderful-feeling face! Bub, get Benex today!

THE BRUSHLESS WONDER



Product of Bristol-Myers

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE SERGEANT

Sires

This is to commend Reporter Robert Wallace for the beautiful and powerful simplicity of his article, "This is How the Sergeant Lived and Died" (Life, Nov. 17).

The atter waste and fatility of all war is written on this one page.

Mas. J. R. Gastzilli

Long Beach, Calif.

Sie

As the sister of a deceased veteran whose body is to remain in a permanent military concern overseas, I feel that some attention should be given to the reason why some of us have taken this course of action.

It was not that we loved our boys less. The great Christian hope of life after death makes us sure that our loved one does not lie in a grave on a far Pacific island. His body has been given Christian burial there, but the shining, vital, eternal fact is that he is not there.

Sesan E. Carten

Duxhery, Mase.

Sirse

The U.S. has become the laughing stock amongst the people overseas. Other nations are proud to have their dead buried in the four corners of the world. Rather than being Christian it seems pagasistic to bring them home, for it shows greater weaship of the body than of the soul.

John P. Swan

Media, Pa.

Sarst

I wonder if as many tears dropped over the life and death of Sergeant Werner as over the dead polar boar (Left, Oct. 27). I wonder if most continental Americans would not rather throw fish to a cat, meat to a dog, seed to a bird, than feed Europe's hungry children. I wonder if we shall ever begin to understand "most's inhumanity to man" and to succer, if not love, our neighbors.

JEAN DE WITT Forz Augusta, Ga.

gr. i

. . . It seems our eyes are never dry three days.

RICHARD W. NASON ROBERT N. NASON

Brown University Providence, R.I.

CONTINUED ON PAGE &

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF LIFE'S NON-SUBSCHIBING READERS

To see life To see the world To eyewitness great events

I want to see Hill each week



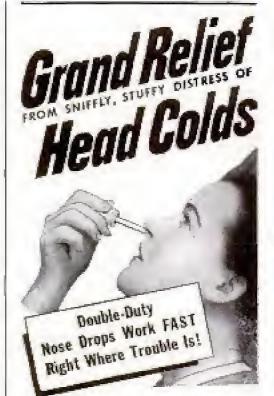
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(Mail to Left, 540 H. Michigan Ave., Chicago III, III), Or give if to year nemberber:



Pet a little Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril the moment you catch a head cold and feel how fast it works. It—quickly relieves sniftly head cold distress, opens cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier right away, HELPS PREVENT many colds from developing if you use it early—as that first warning sniftle or sneeze. Try it! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS Double-Duty Nose Drops VA-TRO-NOL



genuine wetproof electric beating pad

She'll really mean it when she says "It's just what I wanted?"... for eight nut of ten people still do not have an electric heating pad. Noe can you had a finer put than this. It's 100% Genuine Wesproof... can be safely used with met hot compresses. It has 30 fixed heats... the selected temperature always stays constant, lixelusive Nice-Life Switch glows softly in the dark—takes the guesswork out of dialing heat.

\$7.95 - including the qualent kinen-unit, quilted diponent that rips over the and itself ... Other Casto Elegaric Heaving Pade from \$4.95 to \$9.95 at leading states everywhere.

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For my hands? CREAM!"

said GLADYS SWARTHOUT

And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars

It's amazing/...the way women are changing to cream for band care. To PACQUINS Hand Cream. But, then, it isn't really to amazing when you see and feel what Pacquins does for hands.

TONIGHT give your hands star care. Gream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh . . . feels good! Really luxurious,

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk . . . or a pearl . . . or a moonbeam got that your hands haven't got? Nothing!



Try PACQUINS tonight

Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Just 12 seconds should be ample.

And, by the way, Pacquins isn't sticky or grensy, as so many hand preparations are. Disappears fast, Vanishes. It's a joy to use—as well as to have used. Try changing to cream ... to Pacquins ... now.



for "dream" hands—<u>cream</u> your hands

NURSE ELIZABETH WILKINSON SPEAKING:

"Like most nurses, Pacquins and I are old friends. You see, this grand cream was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Our hands take a nasty beating — 30 m 40 washings and scrubbings a day. We must have this kind of hand care."



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE,



LESTER Betsy Pross Spinet



FOR LASTING CHRISTMAS JOY ...

Make this the Christmas to be remembered by your family! Give them the priceless gift of music with the famous Betsy Ross Spinet,

Beginners and finished musicians will be delighted with the rich, abundant tone; with the smooth, responsive action that makes playing a new experience.

Exquisitely styled in fine woods to grace every home, the Betsy Ross Spinet is compactly sized to fit every room; moderately priced to suil every income.

Guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos,

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirst

I am ashamed to say that before I saw your pictures of the sergeant's homoconsing. I had no idea of what the war had done.

MARGARET McLEOD

Aberdeen, N.C.

Compare the touching story of Sergeant Werner with General Patton's comment, "So ended the campaign of the Bulge which had cost us 50,630 men, 22

Уэстов Јассона

Dayton, Ohio

THOROUGHBRED MULES

Sing:

There may be no such animal as a thoroughbred male in the realogy of Line's editor who wrote the pert paragraph of apology to Woodward H. Benwn of Des Moines, lowa (Letters to the Editors, Lure, Nev. 17), but there were such animals in Spain for centuries and in my native middle Tennessee down to the advent of power farm machinery. In Spain, where the jack was bred to the highest point of perfection and his pedigree kept as exercitly. I am informed, us is the American Stud Book, the breed of thoroughbred modes was obtained by crossing the jack with an Arabian mare. In Tennessee it was obtained by crossing Spanish jacks with thoroughbred racing mores. This developed on animal that was beautiful in form, fast on its feet, tireless in performing its allotted tasks and adapted to the use of drawing fine carriages, bideed, to own a pair of thoroughbred carriage mules in my boyhood in Nashville in the 1880s gave one social distinction, like owning a stem-winding watch or a sealskin coat.

These thoroughbred nucles-they were so-called - were frequently developed into racers, and at county fairs and at the State Fair the mule races were always exciting events. Some of these animals could trot or pave as fast as the fastest harness horses.

In those far-off years Spanish jacks. cost as much as a thoroughbred raning stallion. Few men could own one, so often a syndicate of farmers or breeders was organized to finance the purchase of one, and the best horseman and trader in the community was sent to Spain to negotiate the purchase. Every effort was made to get a jack from the royal stables, as they were the best, and the rayal brand gave them added value as breeding animals. The service fee was as high as that of the hest racing stallion, and to keep the stock up, as a rule only thoroughlized mares were meted with the coyal jack from Spain.

DAVID RASKEN BARDER

Washington, D.C.

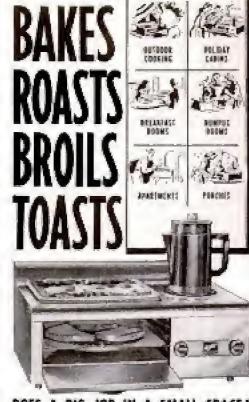
 By definition a thoroughbred can. only be the descendant of three individual horses, the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk or the Godolphia Barb. Inasmuch as the best a mule can hope for is the blood of these in a mother and a jackess for a father, mules are not thoroughbreds.-ED.

FORBES'S FIFTY

Sins:

The same day that Forbes's "Fifty Foremost Business Leaders" were presented in Law (Nov. 17 issue) the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



DOES A BIG JOB IN A SMALL SPACE!

You can cook a complete dinner for six on the wonderful Gill Electric Stove... per it takes up little space. Precision made from the finest materials, it is a headsome addition to any room. Plugs into any 110-roit outlet. Priced surprisingly low. Ask your dealer at write for free folder.



Give Glamour...
GIVE MOJUD





















What every man should know about women's handbags

Women who've looked at hand-bags in the better stores this week know the very latest are those made of Koroscal flexible material. They're the smartest things in postwar styling; they're colorful; they're clearly marked with a label that says Koroseal.

Every man who might want to give a handbag as a gift, every husband who wants to compliment his wife when she gets a lot for her money, should know what that word Koronal means on a headbag.

He shouldn't confuse these bags with those ordinarily called "plastic

And the same of the same

handbags", many of which are very cheap. Koronal flexible material is made only by B. F. Goodrich. It is made into handbags only by an approved group of top manufacturers, These handbags now in the stores are the first made of Korowal to reach the market in quantities. They're just in time for Christmas and they give you all the adyou in dozens of other products.

Koroseal coatings, sheets and films are 100 per cent waterproof. Get them dirty and they come clean easily and instantly, usually with nothing more

then a damp cloth, They resist scuffing and staining, never get soft and sticky, won't crack, get brittle of peel. Colors won't rub off because they're

part of the materials themselves. There are marching belts of Korenul flexible material, too. Most good stores have both handbags and belts in stock right now. Watch the ads of the better stores in your city. If you don't see the word Karanal ask about it. Manufacturers are working hard to supply the demand. We think there will be enough for every woman who wants a better-than-average handbag, who's willing to pay just a little more to get a lot more value. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Koroseal

B.F. Goodrich



GIVE HER THE SUBTLE FLATTERY OF SHEETS IN



Sals, meanly anothers . . . chastly vowers of 100% American control for constant with long wear. The outstanding these value for particular wousen!

> (Maphaw-unapped uses, I cheek, above States 2 parties many whom strongs



EDDERALL PLEASES PERCALE SHIFTS

Give her home? The remarkest, most expensive allcounted sheet yours - woven 24 threads per inch four than exchang per ales. You can't buy more exquently reguled American perculas.

I shorts, I publicarine, about hibster hand



Epperell reserve sheets

Lovely gold shorts! Fine-spain cotton has a close, from weave for beauty plus long wear. And such a prairtical price for appointly smooth scatters?

Callephane-unapped arts, 2 shorts, alone 50 ters 2 pillanceurs, glave \$2.00°



Represel attern musicas

Their popular, thrifte meadors back so very partypaire past can affind to give several with

Callingtone charapped into, 7 streto, whose so, out 2 pullernamer, about \$1, \$15

" At the remain officer for formulationer - this fills during in the discillent

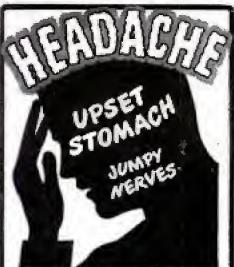


Something new! Described, extraovator, hrusarinan bilankers — 50% rayon, 50% virgm: 140002 -- glamosous 64 acesate sarin blada ings. Girbago spr 33 warm 39 blandens up to double their terr price! Blue, durry rose, general restor, peach, campry, white, Size 72 x 90 . . . about \$7.05

fersonality Colors

Hyacinth Blue ... Peachbloom ... Seafoam Green ... Misty Yellow ... Twilight Rose! Give gifts that are as gay as a holly wreath, distinctive as Christmas carols, becoming as the glow of candiclight . . . Pepperell Sheets in these five charming "personality colors." They make every woman look her prettiest at bedtime! They're decorating news-a most delightful modern touch for any home! And-these colored sheets are Pepperell's, vat dyed for color fastness . . . Gift sets, from \$1.40 to \$20.50.*

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For three-way relief from headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves... take Bromo-Seltzer right away. Because Bromo-Seltzer is famous for fighting ordinary headaches these three ways:

- 1. Relieves pain of headache
- 2. Relieves discomfort of upset stomach 3. Quiets jumpy nerves
- -all of which may team up to cause

trouble.

Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water, Bromo-Seltzer effer-

vesces with split-second action...ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. Compounded in four convenient home sizes by registered pharmacists. |



tor FAST headache help A PRODUCT OF TRANSCON DRIVE COMPANY SMC1 1981

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

National Contraittee of 200 for the Marshall Plan was announced. Fire of Furbes's men made the Marshall

The survivors of this highly scleetive dual screening were Mesors. Winthrop Aldrich, David Sarnoff, Eric Johnston, Nelson A. Rockefeller and Thomas J. Watson.

EDMUND S. WHITHAN New York, N.Y.

THE EDWARDIANS

The last time I saw the Sargent portrait of Winifred, Duchess of Port-land ("The Edwardings," Lier, Nov. 17), was when I visited fabulous Wellack Abbay, the sext of the Cavendish-Bentincks, in the Dukeries.

In 1945 several other U.S. Air Force officers and I were received at the Alsbey by the subject of the portrait, a



IN HER 8TH LUSTAUM



IN HER 15TH LUSTRUM

vigorous, charming grande dame in the 17th lustrum. The downger dupleess showed us through the mansion. and pointed out some of the tressures. When we reached the Sargent portrait, we marveled at its loveliness. Her Grace was pheased, In order to identify berself irrefutably with the beauty portrayed, she retrieved from storage the same rich, scarlet-velvet robe in which she is shown in the painting, and, throwing the garment over the shoulders of her house dress, "It's high time you learned, the facts of life, George!"



"Why, Honey-what have I done?"

"You've been worrying-about our future-about how the children and I would get along, if anything happened to you-about a comfortable retirement for us. And there's no reason to worry."

"Oh no? Just how would you manage If I tangled with a track? I'm making a good salary now, but we haven't much to fall back on. We don't have security. And I don't know what to do

"But there is something you can do, George. I heard about it today. . .

Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. It's a new way of teaming up your Social Security with life insurance to give us the greatest benefit out of both, You can make sure that I'm always protected—and at the same time build towards a comfortable retirement for us . . . all for only a few dollars a month!"

"Say, that sounds wonderful. I never dreamed it was possible."

"Possible? Darling, 'Insured Income' is one of the facts of life - and it's high time we took advantage of it."

For your own peace of mind, make a date with the Mutaal Life representative in your community-some.

FREE Social Security HELPS

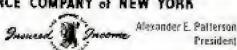
How much do you know about the Social Security for which you are more paying? If you are a resident of the United States, we invite you to muit coupon for easy-to-read booklet explaining your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient file for official records you will need to avoid ensily delay in collecting your Social Security benefits.



Our 2nd Century of Service

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

34 Massay Street New York 5, N. Y.



I would like your FREE Social Security Helps.

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... IMAGINE ME dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How can a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."



HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Just the thing also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

-CONTINUED-

assumed the pose of the portrait. The Edwardian spirit is enduring.
Beszamin Goodman In.

Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

In the article on Edward VII it is mentioned that on Jan. 25, 1901, the trumpets blazed forth "in the new century's second year." The new century, gentleman, was only 25 days old at the time. It began with Jan. 1, 1901, not Jan. 1, 1900. You have too much time on your hands!

NORMAN M. WATEHMOLEN Green Bay, Wis.

BOXERS

Sires

'the faces of Boxers on Life's cover (Nov. 17) are by far the most intelligent seen there in many months.

G. B. MASTEN

Melvin Village, N.H.

D.A.R.

Sim:

Don't tell the D.A.B., but the resemblance between Grant Wood's Daughters of Revolution and the three Daughters of Brookville (LIFE, Nov.



WOOD'S DAUGHTERS



BROOKVILLE'S DAUGHTERS

17) is too good to miss. From the spectacles to the inevitable teacups, not to mention the facial expressions, they easily could have posed for the origizal pointing.

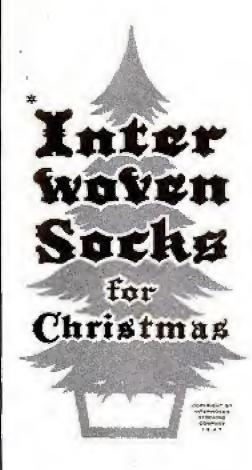
Isaner, Cover

Columbia, S.C.

Sirs:

As individual Life subscribers we are well acquainted with your editor's chopping ability, but as a Junior Group, D.A.R. ("they are called Juniors' until they are 35"), we dare to collectively stick out our necks to protest the slighting, decogatory remerks about the National Society, D.A.R. which solted your coverage of "Madam President General Mrs. O'Byrne." We can't believe such flavoring is necessary to make palatable your usually high-standard reportorial writing.

To refute your reporter's amusing and destructive cynicism, the society does not make pronouncements on ational issues—"portentous" or otherwise. Our educational program is directed toward fostering love of our country, and our scholarship and student-loan funds are many. Our work at Ellis and Angel Islands is highly commended by the authorities there, and our efforts to oid aliens



The Street Co.



Billy the Kid's Cowboy Shim enters in soft, sturdy Salvu Twill; sites 4 to 12. Cofors: surger red, requirate blue, Indian maice, desen brown. If you thank find it in your locality, write for dains of design.

HORTEX manufacturing company

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Maging New PHILCO AUTO RADIOS



Featuring the greatest array of new Auto Radio developments ever offered!

Treat yourself to the greatest auto radio thrill in years . . . a brand new Philco, superbly custom-styled for your car, and bringing you an array of new features never before available in an auto radio at any price.

Visit your Philco Auto Radio Dealer now . . . see these new

Custom-Styled deluxe and popular priced models . . . from \$44.50* up.

ONLY PHILCO GIVES YOU ALL THESE SENSATIONAL FEATURES

- New war-developed Miniature Tube Circuit—extremely powerful and sensitive—easy on car battery.
- New Philes Electronic Push Button Tuning—six buttons for automatic tuning of five stations, plus manual tuning.
- Handy Push Button adjustment knobs enable owner to reser buttons for other stations at any time;
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THE EDITORS

CONTINUED -

through the naturalization courts are praised by judges who conduct the hearings.

We are "Daughters" herause we have in cummon a sincere interest in fearning, reaching and preserving Americanism in America, and we find nothing constructive in your reporter's unmerical facetiousness. An honest effort on her part to discover what the society accomplishes would convince her that the above-mentioned enverage was inaccurate in its outlesions, unkind in its wording and unfair in its failure to provide recognition of the society as an active promoter of American Patriotism.

Now go ahead and chop!!!

Інхийн Систа

Oklahoma City Chapter National Society, D.A.R. Oklahoma City, Okla.

HIGH-SCHOOL FADS

Size:

I was greatly delighted with your article "High-School Fads" (Lire, Nov. 17]. I am a teen-ager myself, but my parents have me tucked away in hoarding school and therefore I don't get much of a chance to see the gaicties of the high-school eround, Now I have a knowledge of what goes on in the high-school circles.

Жиллам Т. Моокс

Loomis School Windsor, Conn.

Sira:

If the girl who has collected 65 radiator or naments from '47 Buicks were made to pay the cost for replacing these "bracelets," I'm sure the would think twice before the took mother one. It cost \$5.75 to have our replaced,

JOAN MADDEN

Gloversville, N.Y.

Sire

... At our Pittsburgh high school the latest revision of "Drop Dead Twice" is FFFT! (Fall Fatally Five Times).

My sister in college, trying to do me one better, has come forth now with FFFFFT! (Fall Fatally on your Flat Face Five Times).

SANDRA WEINMAN

Piatsburgh, Pa.

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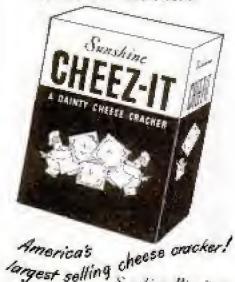
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SPLAY-LEGGED SPRONDER. looks suspicious as it hears camera of Photographer Cruick-shank, who hid underneath pile of rubbish on a Texas island for nine hours to get this picture.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... A NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS LONG-LEGGED BIRDS



ROPE-WALKING AMERICAN EGRET spents fish from water without gesting wet. From this perch the bird caught a dozen lish in 15 quick thrusts.



A GREAT BLUE HERON RAISES ITS WINGS FOR TAKE-OFF

One of the most assiduous and agile nature photographers who ever lived is Allan D. Cruickshank, a 40-year-old New Yorker whose excellent wild-bird pictures are now collected in a book, Wings in the Wilderness (Oxford University Press. \$6). On these pages are some of the long-legged water birds Cruickshank loves to photograph. To catch these comical poses, Cruickshank must be almost as nimble as the birds. He wades through almost impenetrable swamps, hangs head downward from tall trees and builds camouflaged nests in which to hide himself. To entice shy birds into lens-range, Cruickshank has even perfected more than 50 bird calls. On a recent visit to his ancestral home in Scotland be discovered another trait in common with these birds. There he found that the name Scots give to a long-legged bird is cruickshank.



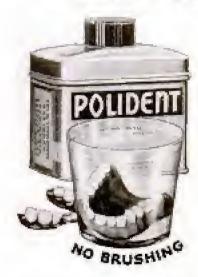
WADENG NIGHT HERON, which is still a buby, here stretches its stocky legs just for enough to keep its tail feathers safely out of the water as it fishes.



PROGRESS GREAT WHITE HERON, too young to fly yet, clamps claws around a branch, holding tight because its mother had been frightened away by the photographer and it is hungry.



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES



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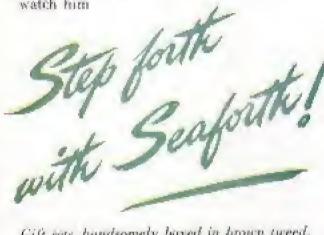
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Sel t...basic grouping essentials with the Scaforth scent of Scotch heather, Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Yole . . \$3,00



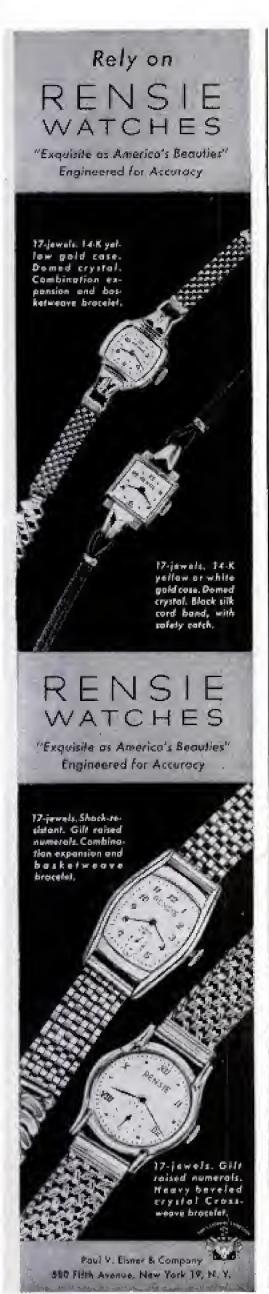


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Seaforth's laxurious new Brushless Shave Cream, Shaving Lotion, Tale \$2.60 Copyrighted material





LIFE'S REPORTS



JIM KISSES "MISS DROWNSVILLE"

BIG JIM AGAIN

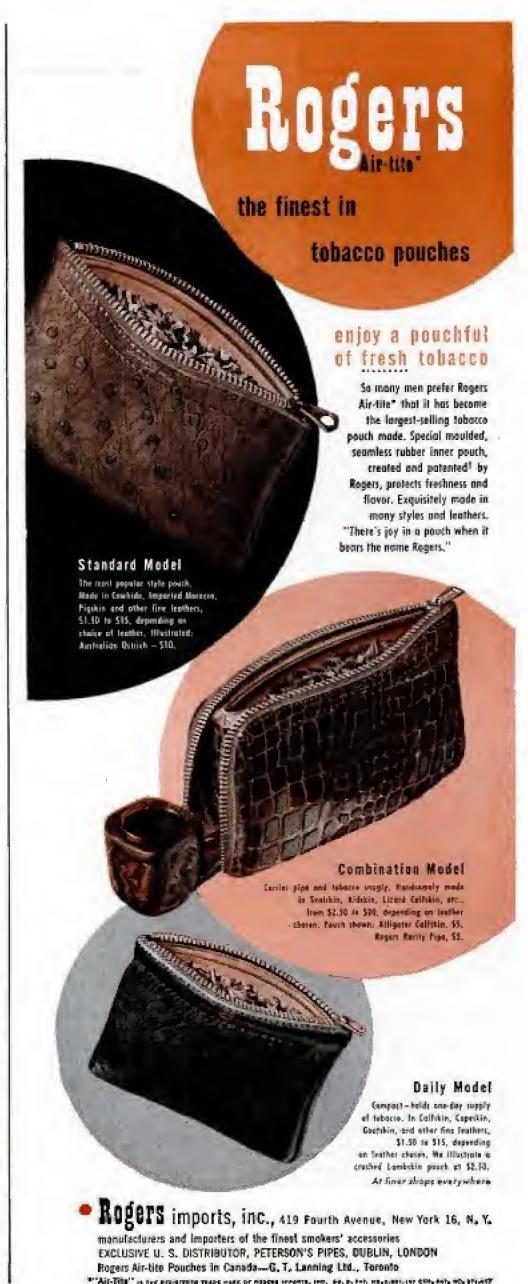
Recent LIFE article on Governor Folsom stirs Alabama editors

"Big Jim" Falsom, the 6-foot, 8-inch governor of Alabama, made his second appearance in LIFE in recent months in the Nov. 10 issue when his public process as a kisser of pretty Texas girls was shown in a series of photographs, His reputation had alrendy been established during his gubernatorial campaign when, according to Folsom, he kissed 50,000 Alabama women and found it much pleasanter than kissing babies. This publicity given to Kissin' Jim, plus Jim's behavior on other occasions, has produced an avalanche of comment in Alabama popers, selections from which are printed below.

DOTHAN "EAGLE"

LIFE magazine . . . has had a field day with Our Governor. With words and pictures it has presented him to the world as Alabama's foremost citizen who eats in his bare feet, sips Guckenheimer like water, and scratches his toes with one hand while tossing potato chips into his mouth rith the other. Adroitly and this is what hurts—with proof in the form of pictures, LIFE magazine has made Our Governor appear ridiculous without exactly saying so.

Such is Life's latest portrait of Our Governor. In this connection, we recall that on Big Jim's last visit to Wash-



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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coffeemaster coffee is ALWAYS perfect—because everything is automatic. Simply set it and forget it. It is your assurance of the same delicious, clear, full-bodied coffee every time you make it because the water is always at the correct high heat, and the brewing time is always uniform—secrets of delicious coffee-making.

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FEMOUS for SHIDEON TOASTER, MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

ington he was lectured by President Truman on how to behave. The story was that the President told him to quit being Big Jim and start being Governor, acting as befits the highest office in Alabama. We don't know whether the story is true or not, but Our Governor did quiet down for a time and Life had to publish several issues without mention of him. Please, somebody, page Mr. Truman again!

Sylacauga "News"

The \$64 question before all Alabamians, and the nation, from a facetious standpoint, is: "I wonder who's kissing him now." The him being our osculating governor, Mr. Folsom.

The Governor has excellent taste and in the last few months he has learned an individual pucker of the lips that neither Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown nor Humphrey Bogart can hope to imitate.

The affairs of state are in pretty good shape, thanks to a foresighted legislature, and there is no real harm being done by this amorous pastime of our chief executive.

However, it is a strong argument in favor of the amendment making it possible for the legislature to call itself back into session—Mr. Folsom only experienced a short illness as a result of eating oysters, whereas painter's colic which sometimes results from kissing modern maidens can become chronic.

THOMASVILLE "TIMES"

Just every state doesn't have a Governor who can make LIFE magazine every month. In fact, we can think of 47 states we wish did have this particular Governor. In this week's issue of LIFE, The Big. Bad Booger is quoted as saying that the only thing better than beer is whisky. He must think kissing is a pretty fine institution, also, because eight pictures show him kissing eight different Texas girls. We reckon Jim can't help being a damn fool, but he could stay at home.

MONROE "JOURNAL"

Most Alabamians won't class themselves as tectotalers and they won't begrudge the governor a nip or two every now and then, but when he had the utter disregard for the dignity of his office... to recommend in so many words the use of alcohol, it is time for his constituents to wonder

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Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream.

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Country Doctor



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 27



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Brigart gefeinen feballe, ibil.



Typical example 69: the tire that outwears prewar tires!

ORRIE EWART, Port Huron, Michigan reports: after 23,304 miles, my B. F. Goodrich tires still kook new". His Joh is transporting hospital patients for St. Clair County. "B. F. Goodrich Silvercowns don't skid on wet roads like others", he writes, "I've driven this set 13,304

miles and they appear as if newly purchased" This is a typical example of how B. F. Goodrich tires outwear prewar tires. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Airon, Obie.

B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

anew why they ever voted for him.

At that, probably a lot of Monroe County residents wondered that same question a week or so ago as they listened to him talk for an hour, say little or nothing constructive and then sprawl—tremendous feet and all-over the judge's bench in the county courtroom here, estensibly for a bit of rest, Even after reading all those "lies" he claims the newspapers are printing about him, his audience couldn't have obtained much reassurance from his actions as he appeared before them in person.

CLARKE COUNTY "DEMOCRAT"

Big Jim's current speaking tour brought him as far as Chatom last week but just as we were preparing to sweep off a place on our sidewalk so he could lie down and take a nice rest, he switched to North Alahama. If he could only arrange with the sock and razor salesman to meet him here, if and when he comes, the two could put on a show that would be long remembered.

HALE COUNTY "News"

We heard a conversation among some Moundville people after they had seen the pictures of Governor Folsom in a recent issue of LIFE. All were shocked and disgusted by the pictures. One young lady said, "He's just been trying to kiss the wrong people. If he were to touch me I'd give him a sock he'd long remember." A man said, "He's fixing to get himself shot one of these days." Another said, "Well, people ought not to take his picture when he's doing all his kissing. He's just publicity crazy and wants people to talk about him, no matter what he does." And then, "I don't feel ashamed, I didn't vote for him, and I don't take LIFE. . . .

Yes, it is bad publicity for the state, but it will teach our voters to be more careful when there is an election.

GREENVILLE "ADVOCATE"

What's the matter with our

Alabama girls?

When Governor Folsom was a candidate he kissed women all over Alabama, but now since he is the chief executive. he kisses 'em in Texas, last week Governor Folsom spent several hours in Builer County, and if he kissed a single girl -or a married one, eitherwe never heard of it.

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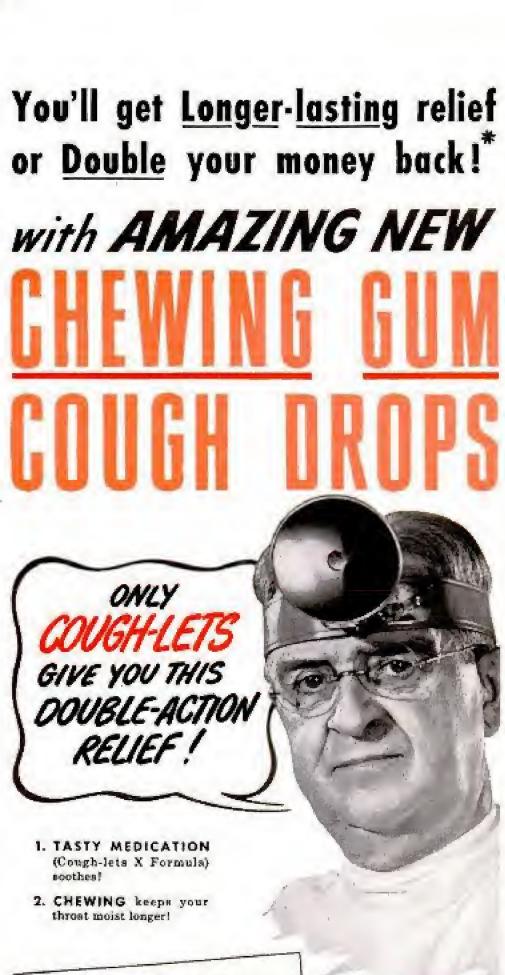


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Personalized and practical are these gifts by "Paris"*, a thoughtful remembrance with a famous brand preferred by men the year 'round, "Paris" Signet Initial Suspender - Fine elastic in bright new colors with the famous "Free-Swing" back, Satin linish trimmings and detachable Signet Initial—only \$2.50. "Paris" Signet Initial Belt-The leather is of the finest quality solid top-grain Horsehide with highly polished Buckle and smart detachable Silver Plated Initial-\$2.50. Other "Parks" gifts from 55c to \$12.50-at better stores everywhere.

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unused contents, and a letter stating your reasons, and we'll cheerfully refund double your purchase.

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

BIRMINGHAM "POST"

Big Jim Folsom is still kissing the gals, in at least one instance by request. He kissed at least one woman at Eayette last night, and vesterday afternoon at Vernon he kissed a Missouri visitor when her husband asked for it. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Lambertz of Kansas City, Mo. are visiting in Millport, Yesterday he asked Vance Johnson, who managed Folsom's campaign last year in Lamar County, to arrange for the big boy to place a smack on his wife's brow, "so she can tell the girls back home about it." Johnson did, and Folsom did, and she, very likely,

ALABAMA "NEWS MAGAZINE"

The spectacle of his excellency, the Governor of Alabama, trouping around the state in quest of his vanished popularity is amusing to some, nauseating to others, menacing to a few. To us, it is merely revealing.

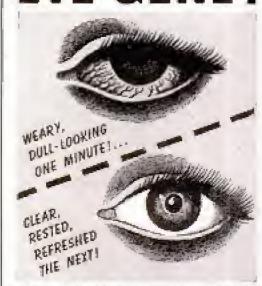
Big Jim is, in this case, not as unpredictable as his fantastic case history would warrant. This time, he is running strictly true to form, indeed, he seems to be settling into a pattern. His mental vagueness. has become a habit. Or perhaps it should be put this way: the more he talks the more people realize his ideas are never specific and thorough, but hazy and trimmed about with easy routes of escape,

For example, when he declared from the stump last week that he had been snubbed by an English duke at the governors' conference in North Carolina, a reporter asked him later for the name of the duke. The answer of the governor was: "Oh, some damn duke."



JIM DANCED with June Haver when in Hollywood, also extolled pleasures of kissing Alabama-style.

OPEN YOUR EYES TO EYE-GENE!



SAFE RELIEF IN SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your tired eyes and you'll marvel at the relief you enjoy . . . how rested, refreshed and cleared they become—all in accouds! So, whenever your eyes are weary, irritated, or feel strained from close work, glare, driving, over-indulgence, late hours; or are bloodshot from dust, smoke or wind— use safe, gentle EYE-GENE, It contains Lexatol—the new, exclusive in-gredient that makes it so amazingly gredient that makes to effective. Use EYE-GENEdaily.It's barmless! 25g, 50g, \$1,00 in feed blookering

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G. P., INC., 1947



Short was Missing the print and the

"Somebody said_'How about a radio for Christmas'

_ and then the fun started!"



"That's quite a bit of spending you're suggesting.

Money doesn't grow on trees, even at Christmas. If
we're going to buy a radio, let's be sure it's the right one!"

(Sound approach! Compare values and you'll find a lot of extra money's worth in the advanced engineering and up-to-the-minute features of a Stromberg-Carlson radio or brilliant new television receiver.)



"LOOK!" broke in Mother

"Our furniture might not be the best in the world—but we certainly selected every piece of it for pool design and harmony. Now I don't want some monstrosity messing up my living room."

(Leading cabinet designers took their cue from your good taste in creating Stromberg-Carlson's beautiful cabinets. You'll be sure to find one that blends perfectly with your levely furniture.)



"Whether it's jive or a 'Pops' concert, give me music that doesn't sound as if it's coming through a curtain. Let's get a radio that really puts the artists in the room with you!"

(You're in for an exciting surprise when you hear the flawless, static-free quality of Stromberg-Carlson's complete FM, licensed under Armstrong putents. And what a thrill you will get when your favorite records and standard broadcast programs really come to life in your own home.)

You couldn't choose a finer gift for all the family than a Stromberg-Carlson.
You will find a convenient dealer listed in the classified section of your telephone directory.

Plan now to STOP—LOOK and LISTEN and he will have the Stromberg-Carlson of your choice in your home for Christmas. Radio set prices range from \$\$4.95 to \$675.00—slightly higher in South and West.



"New Works"...Ideal gift for the whole family. FM-AM radio-phonograph combination. Blenched makegency calinet with disappearing door. Automatic record changer with automatic stop.

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"DYNATOMIC" . . . For the personal gift radio, Table AC-DC model of timusual power and total richness, Plastic cabinet in ivory or brown.

STOP!_LOOK!_and LISTEN! . . . THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

Radios, Radio-Phonographs, FM, and Television . Sound Equipment, Industrial and Intercommunication Systems. . Telephones and Switchboards

Vol. 23, No. 23

December 8, 1947

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS
WORLD'S BIGGEST TELESCOPE NEARS COMPLETION
ARTICLE
LIFE PRESENTS THE STORY OF THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE, by EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR
PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY
AUTOMOBILE DESIGN71
RECREATION
"WHIRLWING" XITE
MOVIES
"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"
"THE ROBE"90
MODERN LIVING SCHOOL FOR AIR HOSTESSES
MUSIC A REAL LONG-HAIR
THEATER
NOEL AND GERTIE
FASHION
PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS107
SPORTS
BASKETBALL'S AMATEUR PROFESSIONALS
OTHER DEPARTMENTS
LETTERS TO THE EDITORS. 6 SPEAKING OF PICTURES; NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS LONG-LEGGED BIRDS. 18
LIFE'S REPORTS: BIG JIM AGAIN 23 MISSOURIANS SHOW LIFE HOW TO "DANCE UNDER A BAR" 154 MISCELLANY: NEW YORK LAMASERY 159
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LIFE'S COVER

The picture of the Duke of Windsor on the cover shows him in the uniform of the Welsh Guards. It was taken in 1921 to help publicize an empireselling tour to India. Edward was then 27 years old and, as the dashing bachelor Prince of Wales, the most photographed young man in the world, with a bex-office appeal surpassing that of all the matinee idols. But this particular portrait is not one of his favorites. Shown this cover, he mur. muzed sadly, "I thought I'd destroyed every copy."

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines reported by doubes) unless either vice specified.

COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
13-COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
13-COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
13-COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
13-COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
12-COVER-PRESS FORTRAIT BURGAU
18, 19, 20-ALLAN D. CRUSCXSHANK FORM
23-CORNELL CAPA
23-ACHE
23-CORNELL CAPA
23-ACHE
23-RALPH CERHE FROM B.S.
34-KEYSTONE VIEW CO., PETER STACKPOLE—
MILLER PROTO SERVICE—ACME, RALPH
CRAME FROM B.S.
35-RALPH CRAME FROM B.S.
35-RALPH CRAME FROM B.S.
36-WART ANTHONY SECONDO & FRANK STOCKMAN
39-PETER MARCOS FROM THE HIMMEAPOLIS
MODMING TOTALISE

39-PETER MARCUS FROM THE MINNEAPOLIS

MORNING TRIBUNE
40-INT.-INT., A.P.,
41-INTERPRESS
42. 43-BOY ROWAN
44. 45-NEW YORK T ARTHORY LINCK—A.F., H. G. WALKER

45-ACMS
51, 32, 54-LECHARD MCCOMBE
57, 38-RALPH CRANG FROM B.S.
63-ALLAN CRANT
64, BS-ALEX KARLE FOR RKO RADIO PICTURES
1MC, ERC. NOT SEEMD FROM ST. ALLAN GRANT
66-ERMEST A. BACHRACIL FOR HXO RADIO PICTURES INC., F. ROY KEMP

71, 72, 73—ANTHONY LINCK
74, 75—BEN SCHNALL, ARTHUR RADEBAUGH (2),
GORDON COSTER—ANTHONY LINCK, BERM,
ARD HOFF MAH—FOTO MOISID, BEN
SCHNALL, GORDON COSTER
16—BEN SCHNALL—CARL BYDIN & ASSOCIATES
INC., ACME
77—ALLAN GRANT. GORDON COSTER—BEN
SCHNALL, GORDON COSTER—BEN
184, 85, 86—WALLACE, KIRKLAND
98—J. R. EYERMAN
19, 52, 93, 94—MICHAEL, LAWFILE
97—1554 CARSEN FMA G.M.
101, 102, 104—LEONARD MICCOMBE
115—1227 KARLAN
115—1227 KARLAN

-izzy Kaplan -Brown Brothers

117-INT.
118-CHARCELLOR, DUBLIN CONTROL MR. FRED-ERICK FINCH
119-roam H.R.H. THE DUXE OF WINDSOR'S PRIVATE PICTORE ALBUMS
120-BRITISH COMBENE (SE, NO., PICTURES INC.)

121 THROUGH 114-FROM H.R.H. THE SURE OF WING-SOR'S PRIVATE PICTURE ALBUMS

SOR'S PRIVATE PICTURE ALBUMS

141—TOPICAL PRESS

144—read IERIE, THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S
PREVATE PICTURE ALBUMS

147—REUTER PHOTO FINE EUROPEAN

149, 150, 155—CORNEL, CAPA

154, 155, 156—WALLACE KIRKLAND

159, 160—W, EUGENE SMITH

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What Happened to Horace?



EVER MEET A CHAP like Horace? Nice, salt-of-the-earth type. But a little on the slow side . . . and always playing it safe. Of course, he's dead set against anything news



LAST WEEKEND he sees Laura making Borden's Instant Coffee. "Something new?" he asks. "Best coffee ever," says Laura. "'Cause it's all coffee, not a mixture! Also, no pot, no grounds, no waste!"



WELL, YOU SHOULD have seen the look on good old Horace's face. "Please, Laura," he says, "coffee's my one weakness. I have to ask you, but won't you make me some good, old-fashioned, ground coffee?"



LAURA JUST NODDED and seconds later sails in, all innocence, and hands him a big steaming cup of Borden's, "You just can't best real coffee," glosts Horace, draining his cup. So we tell him sure it's real . . . it's Borden's. Horace gasps: "But I thought J knew all about instant coffee!" "Anab! But you didn't know Borden's," we chorus. "Pass your cup and get on the handwagon, Bud!"

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agent it taken better than any onflee you evet used, seed the the lar with the unused convenes, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 330 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MANAGEMENT IN THE BELL SYSTEM

It used to be that the owners of practically every business were themselves the managers of the business. Today, as far as large businesses are concerned, a profound change has taken place. In the Bell System, for instance, employee management, up from the ranks, and not owner management, is responsible for running the business.

This management has been trained for its job in the American ideal of respect for the individual and equal opportunity for each to develop his talents to the fullest. A little thought will bring out the important significance of these facts.

Management is, of course, vitally interested in the success of the enterprise it manages, for if it doesn't succeed, it will lose its job.

So far as the Bell System is concerned, the success of the enterprise depends upon the ability of management to carry on an essential nation-wide telephone service in the public interest.

This responsibility requires that management act as a trustee for the interest of all concerned: the millions of telephone users, the hundreds of thousands of employees, and the hundreds of thousands of stockholders. Management necessarily must do the best it can to reconcile the interests of these groups.

Of course, management is not infallible; but with its intimate knowledge of all the factors, management is in a better position than anybody else to consider intelligently and act equitably for each of these groups — and in the Bell System there is every incentive for it to wish to do so.

Certainly in the Bell System there is no reason either to underpay labor or overcharge customers in order to increase the "private profits of private employers," for its profits are limited by regulation. In fact, there is no reason whatever for management to exploit or to favor any one of the three great groups as against the others and to do so would be plain stupid on the part of management.

The business cannot succeed in the long run without well-paid employees with good working conditions, without adequate returns to investors who have put their savings in the enterprise, and without reasonable prices to the customers who buy its services. On the whole, these conditions

have been well-met over the years in the Bell System.

Admittedly, this has not been and is not an easy problem to solve fairly for all concerned. However, collective bargaining with labor means that labor's point of view is forcibly presented. What the investor must have is determined quite definitely by what is required to attract the needed additional capital, which can only be obtained in competition with other industries.

And in our regulated business, management has the responsibility, together with regulatory authorities, to see to it that the rates to the public are such as to assure the money, credit and plant that will give the best possible telephone service at all times.

More and better telephone service at a cost as low as fair treatment of employees and a reasonable return to stockholders will permit is the aim and responsibility of management in the Bell System.

Waters. Enforce

AMBRICAN TRIEPRONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

LIFE Vol. 23 No. 23 December 8, 1947

MAN'S MOST POWERFUL EYE

HUGE DISK ENDS LONG JOURNEY TO WORLD'S BIGGEST TELESCOPE

At 3:30 a.m. on Nov. 18, under the cover of darkness, a 22-wheel trailer truck ground into gear and rumbled off the campus of the California Institute of Technology on one of the most delicate moving operations in the history of transportation. The cargo, meticulously packed in a crate, was a giant glass disk, 16% feet in diameter and weighing 14% tons. It was on a 160-mile trip to the astronomical observatory atop Palemar Mountain to become the essential part of the world's largest telescope through which man would be able to see farther than ever before.

Not a chance was taken. Fifteen motorcycle cops cleared the way for the caravan that crept along at less than 20 mph. Bridges were specially shored up. Inside the case was a microphone to warn of any vibrations that might shake the big glass too much.

After an overnight stop in the little town of Escondido, the caravan started up Palomar Mountain. Clouds of fog rolled across the mountain and hail fell as the trailer moved slowly up the steep, winding road. One skid could send the disk rolling down themountainside like an outlandish mill-stone. But at 11:02 a.m. the trailer finally eased to a stop beside the observatory, its cargo safe. The big glass was lifted into the observatory. The telescope would soom be ready to probe into the outer reaches of the universe and tell astronomers more about its nature than they had ever known.



DESTINATION is shiny dome atop Palemar Mountain, where telescope rises 6,000 feet above sea level.



THROUGH THE DARKNESS, to avoid heavy traffic, the big glass moves slowly along the highway. The

lineup behind the trailer consists partly of scientists, partly of motorists wondering what is holding up traffic.

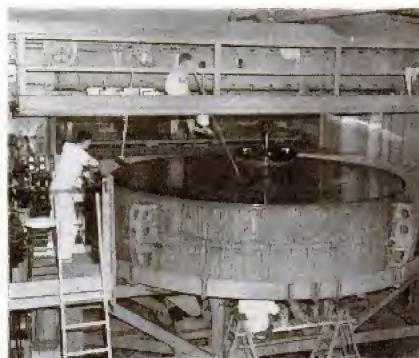


THE CASTING (*above*) of the glass disk is done in the Coming Glass Works in Coming, N.Y. on March 25, 1934. Pyrex glass was used because it is less sensitive to temperature changes than ordinary plate glass. But this first disk turned out to be defective and had to be discarded.



THE MOVING of such an enormous piece of glass was a ticklish problem. Above: the defective disk is displayed on the streets of Corning. Meanwhile another one was being made. Below: the manual disk is granted by during transported as it assists a glab in Porndam. Calif. in 1886.



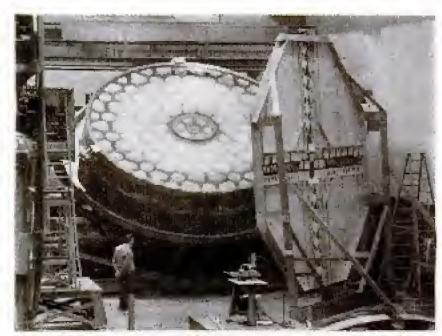


GRINDING AND POLISHING AT CAL TECH TOOK 11 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS

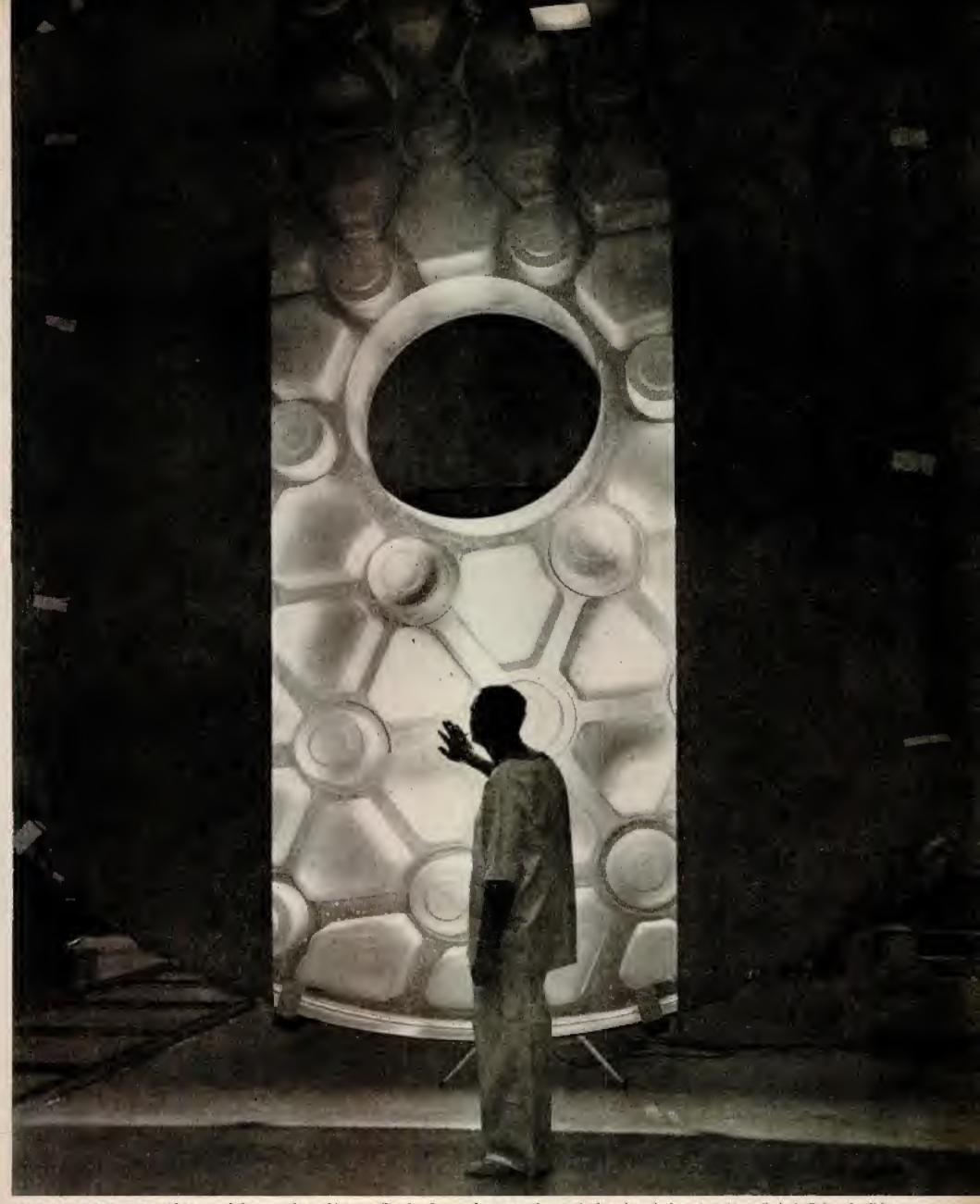
AFTER 19 YEARS' PREPARATION THE FINISHING TOUCHES GO ON

The making of the 200-inch disk and the telescope to hold it was a great cooperative project involving 19 years of work, \$6,500,000 and hundreds of scientists. It was started in 1928 by Dr. George-Ellery Hale, founder of Mount Wilson Observatory in southern California, then biggest in the world. Dr. Hale died before knowing whether the project would succeed, but the work went on. While Corning was making the disk, Westinghouse Electric Corp. and other companies made the telescope which was installed (pp. 36–37) in time for the disk's arrival.

Despite the fact that the completed telescope will weigh a million pounds, it will operate with a greater precision than the finest watch. It will not be a telescope by popular conception, i.e., the kind through which astronomers peer at enlarged images of the planets. Instead it will be a giant camera, using its 200-inch disk to reflect light from stars a billion light years from the earth, twice as far as the range of the 100-inch Mount Wilson telescope. This reflection will be recorded on film from which scientists can calculate the chemical make-up and distribution of the celestial hodies. Although the scientists do not know exactly what mysteries the new telescope will solve, they know it will solve many that have gone unanswered ever since man's first quizzical look at the sky. One of the questions the men on Palomar Mountain hope to approach with their new telescope is the fundamental problem of astronomy; by what processes was the universe formed?

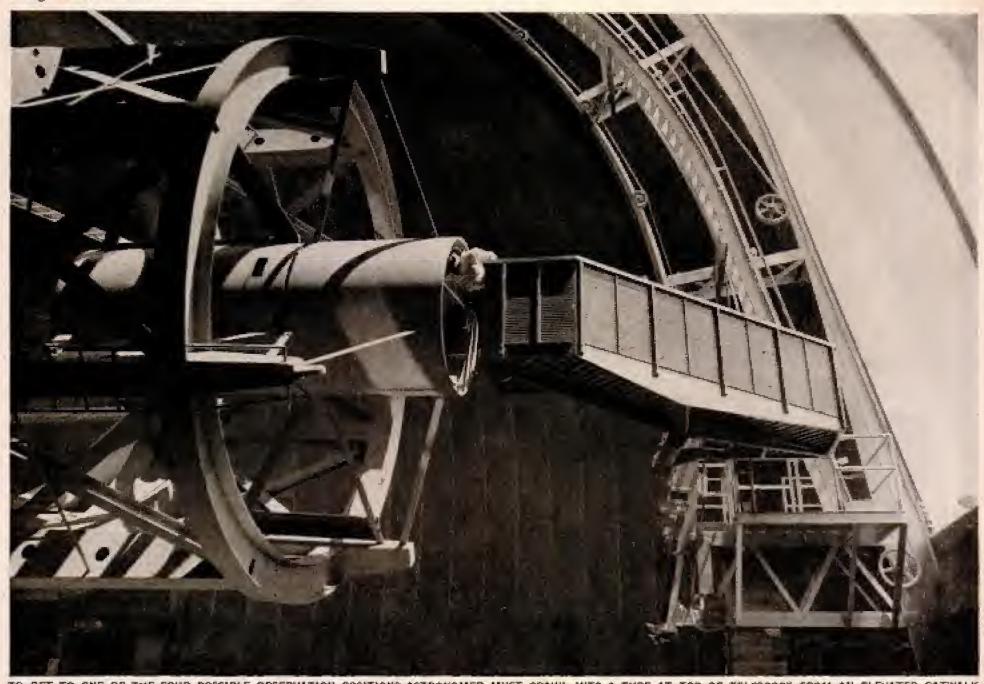


TESTS OF the disk's curved face are made by turning it on edge on a turn; table and shooting a tiny beam of light at it through holes in the screen at right.



THE POLISHED GLASS, with its smooth face curved to within two millionths of an inch of perfection, is examined by a Cal Tech opticism. Ribs on disk's backside, designed

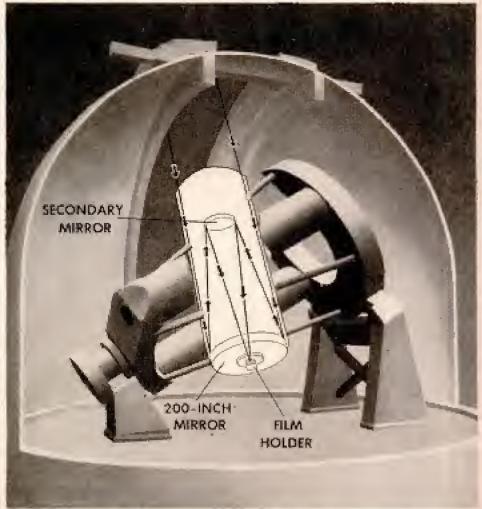
for structural strength, show through glass, giving it a waffe look. Before the disk can be used it must be coated with aluminum. Starlight will pass through hole in center.



TO GET TO ONE OF THE FOUR POSSIBLE OBSERVATION POSITIONS ASTRONOMER MUST CHAWL INTO A TUBE AT TOP OF TELESCOPE FROM AN ELEVATED CATWALK



THE TELESCOPE is a complex mechanism, as shown in cutaway model. Vertical latticed tube (center) holding the mirror at its base swings left-right inside a yoke, which itself rotates forward and back on a horseshoelike bearing. The two movements enable the telescope to cover the entire heavens. For mirror action, see drawing at right.



HOW IT WORKS is shown in this drawing. At this position, which is one of four principal ones used, the telescope picks up the startlight as it enters the observatory through a slit in the dome-shaped building. The light is first reflected off the 200-inch mirror, bounces off a secondary mirror, then goes through hole in the hig mirror onto a fibr.



CHINA AND U.S. POLITICS

PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT OUR FOREIGN POLICY HASN'T BEEN BIPARTISAN EVERYWHERE

Wasn't it Alf Landon who said "Politics should end at the water's edge"? Someone is always saying it. But it's only partially true. The Republicans, by insisting that the State Department get up a program of aid to China along with its program for Europe, have disclosed a large hole in the bipartisan front of U.S. foreign policy. And in this case the country owes them not a vote of censure but a vote of thanks.

In a speech last week Governor Dewey attacked the State Department's indifference toward China, a speech in which, as Columnist Samuel Grafton said, Dewey "did everything but put his hands up his sleeves as a fi-nale and whistle 'chopsticks.'" The next day the House Foreign Affairs Committee, prodded by Republican Congressman Judd, amended the Administration's bill for stopgap aid to Europe by adding a \$60 million appropriation for China, an appropriation which the Administration had not requested and had made no plans to spend. Secretary Marshall, under questioning by Congressman Judd, had earlier admitted that the department was working on a 1948-49 China program to cost \$300 million; but this vague, tardy and inadequate program did not crase the previous words of Under Secretary Lovett, who admitted in October that he did not know what U.S. policy toward China is.

But Dewey, Vandenberg and other Republicans have a policy. It is immediate aid and the release of our surplus military supplies to the Chinese government, such as was proposed in these pages by William Bullitt (Life, Oct. 13). It is a policy of "an honest about-face"—in other words, actively taking sides in the Chinese civil war. Our national interests are involved in that war. The Republicans have taken the leadership of a real issue.

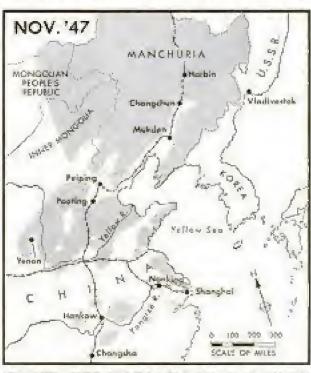
How Did We Get Into This Jam?

How could an administration that is frankly dedicated to the "containment" of totalitarian aggression have so long ignored the war in China? By conquering most of Manchuria and half of North China, the Chinese Communists have made these provinces, containing 100 million people, the second biggest Communistrun area in the world, second only to Russia itself (see map). A large part of this conquest has taken place since July, while the State Department was preoccupied with its plans for Europe. But the Russians have not been so preoccupied: the recent Communist offensives were mounted with guns made in Siberia and shipped into Red China via Port Arthur and Dairen. If Russian strategists can think in terms of two or more fronts at once, ours will have to learn to do the same.

Many Americans, even some in the State Department, are still reluctant to take sides in China. In espousing Chiang's cause the Republicans are ahead of public opinion. And apart from Communist propaganda against the Chinese government, there are still a couple of arguments which the Republicans, to win unanimity on their new issue, must overcome.

They must overcome a widespread wish to disbelieve in the Chinese civil war. The hope that the war could be compromised inspired the Marshall mission of 1946. That mission failed, but Marshall's final statement on it kept alive the hope. He blamed the war on "dominant reactionaries" and "extreme Communists" and pinned his faith on the "liberal elements" of both sides. This outdated statement still guides the thinking of many American liberals. The above-quoted Samuel Graf-

COMMUNISTS HOLD THIS MUCH OF CHINA



AND WITH RUSSIAN HELP THEY ARE STILL GAINING

ton thought it a sufficient answer to Dewey only last week. It serves as an escape to a position above China's agony, looking down. It is a comfortable position which, because of the concerned brow-furrowing that goes with it, does not quite deserve the name of isolationism.

But it does deserve the name of wishful thinking. It requires the belief that the "liberal" element among Chinese Communiststhe so-called "agrarian reformers" -- can somehow be detached from Moscow, allied with the liberal Nationalists and put in power. This act of faith is of course based on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of Communism, whose real goal is never reform as such, but machinery; the machinery of power. Many a North China peasant can by now attest to this fact. They call it the "three-beaded policy" of Communism: first the propitiatory bowing head, with redistribution of land; then the evasively shaking head, by which the awakened hunger for political democracy is postponed; then the blunt off-with-your-head, by which strict party control is established. The third head of Chinese Communism has been plentifully manifest during the recent military offensives. The destruction of property is worse than under the Japs.

As the Communist terror goes on expanding in China, the wavering American liberals retreat to a final argument: that aid to Chiang is a rathole operation because his government is so hopelessly corrupt and inefficient. "He can't win." This argument has probably palsied more State Department hands than ideological doubt.

Mere money would be thrown away. This

very practical argument overlooks one fact: Chiang's government is now desperately weak precisely because it lacks public assurance that any aid, however conditional, will be forthcoming. Our delay and the Communist victories have made the question of U.S. support a life-or-death matter to Chiang. All the more urgent, therefore, is the need of a plan by which aid can be made effective. But even more urgent than that is a sign that we really want Chiang to win his war, that we have not deserted our oldest ally, that we intend to help him win.

There lies the importance of the House Committee's \$60-million gesture. It won't do much good except as part of a full and open plan, which the State Department is working on and which must include expedited war material and military advice. But its psychological effect in Nanking is good. It is a signal to Chiang that somebody in Washington cares and knows the score.

The Hay Tradition

Devey correctly predicted that "sooner or later our Covernment will discover its errors and will inevitably in the interest of the American people return to our traditional policy of backing a free China. The only question is whether we will do it soon enough." The Republicans have not quixotically gone out on a limb in their new cause; they are simply rediscovering one of the oldest doctrines in U.S. foreign policy. This is the policy of defending an independent Chinese nation against any outside aggressor whatsoever. When John Hay proclaimed it as the Open Door, its apparent beneficiary was a hopelessly corrupt Manchin court; but its real beneficiary was the freedom of the Chinese people to work out their own destiny without outside interference. That is still a real issue in China.

Since isolationism was never an American policy in the Pacific, it was perhaps easier for the Republicans to see this issue clearly and keep ahead of it. And this illustrates what the editor of Foreign Affairs, Mr. H. F. Armstrong, recently pointed out: that a bipartisan foreign policy has costs as well as virtues. When it means the suppression of debate for unanimity's sake, unanimity may come too high. Fortunately Senator Vandenberg has always made it clear that he was not committed to Administration leadership in respect to China. The Republicans were free to raise a real issue. Let us hope their doing so will hasten our return to the policy which still makes the best sense.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Until Nev. 24 Mrs. Charles Bishop had kept two watchdogs and a cat in her apartment over a small chemical company in Minneapolis, Minn. On that date the building enight fire. None of the animals, however, even noticed the blaze, which was at last called to Mrs. Bishop's attention by the cries of a neighbor. Thereupon Mrs. Bishop snatched up her stuggish watchdogs and begged them to sufety in the nick of time (opposite). The cat, refusing assistance, wandered down the back stairs to safety.





UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF ARMED AND HELMETED MILITIA, WORKERS AT THE GREAT GITROEN AUTOMOBILE PLANT VOTE AGAINST STRIKE IN SECRET ELECTION

FRANCE FIGHTS BACK

New premier takes dramatic action in fight to end Communist strikes

The Communists' month-old campaign of openly making trouble in France (Life, Nov. 10) had brought the country close to economic paralysis. More than 2 million workers were off the job, tying up railroads, docks, mines and factories. Frenchmen were beginning to wonder if the Reds really could "take over France by telephone." Last week they got a surprising answer.

The man responsible was a bald, little-known

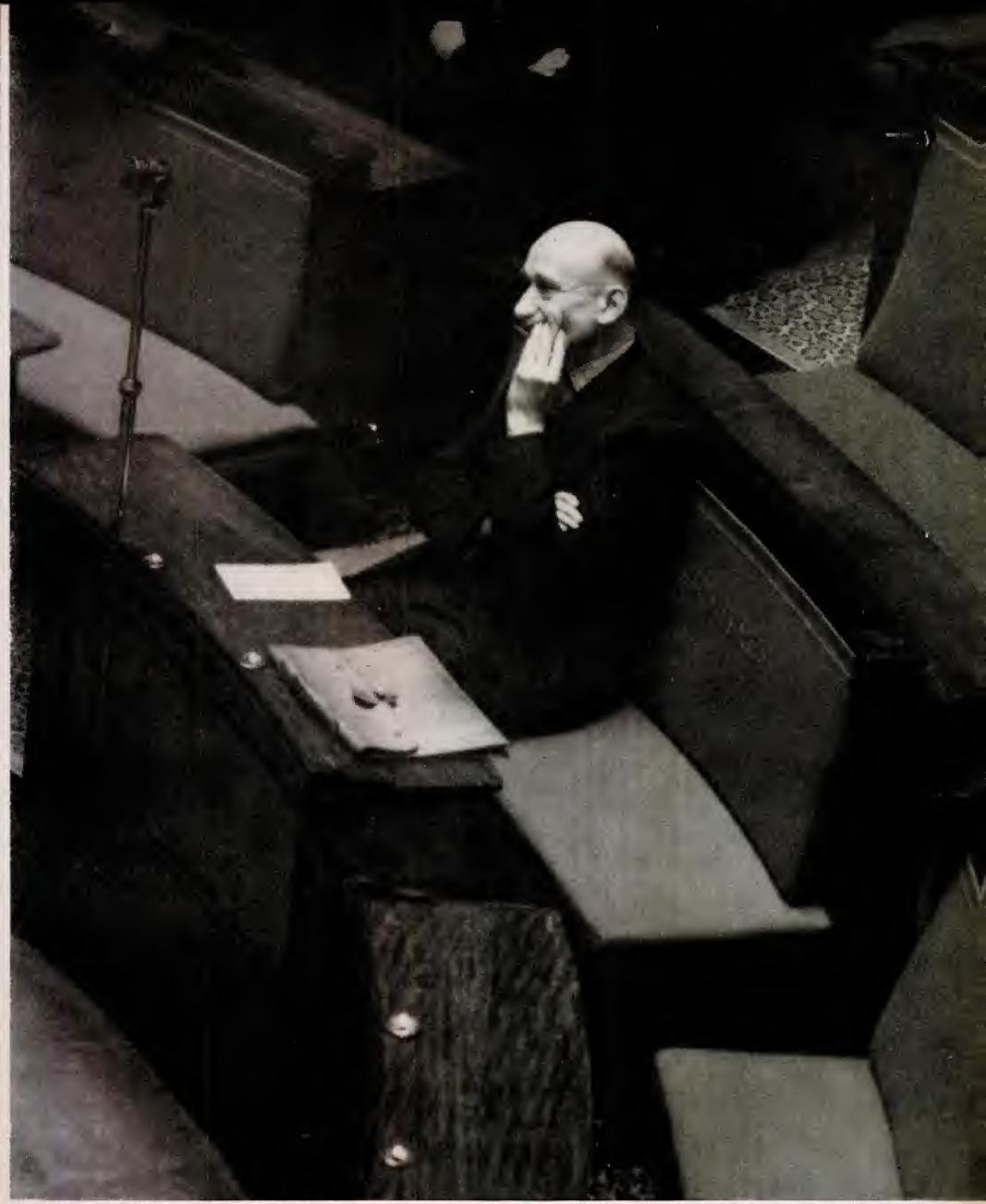
politician named Robert Schuman (apposite) who became premier on Nov. 22. Within six days he had fired 66 Red-tinged police commissioners, kicked 19 Communists right out of the country and called up 80,000 reservists. At week's end, as he sought more emergency powers, an anti-strike movement was gaining among workers. French politics being what they are, nobody knew if Schuman would last another day. But already he had put up a great fight.



TONS OF MAIL pile up at a Paris station waiting resumption of rail truffic. Premier Robert Schuman has requested authority to requisition workers for essential services.



PARIS COW PATH is a normally busy street. Because of transport walkout, drovers move their catile to stockyards through city streets in effort to keep up food supply.



MAN ON THE SPOT is Premier Robert Schuman, a right-of-center politician who was finance minister in the Ramadier cabinet. A member of the wartime resistance,

Schuman has opposed Reds in the Assembly, where he sits alone (above) while members consider his plea for powers that could turn his counterattack into a counteroffensive.



CHINESE WAR MEMORIAL

On a peaceful Hunan hillside, neat rows of skulls stand as a grisly reminder of a Japanese massacre

The rolling countryside around the city of Hengyang, in China's central Hunan province, is peaceful today. Although China's civil war is only a scant 200 miles to the north, the farmers near Hengyang are free to work placidly in their rice fields against the threat of famine during the coming winter. Yet in the mildst of this now-peaceful area stands a war memorial grislier than any in all the world.

Packed temple to temple on a hillside are the skulls of 5,000 Chinese who died horribly in the Japanese war. They were killed in June of 1944, when the Japanese armies were trying to cut China in two. Defenseless farmers or fleeing villagers, caught in the path of aggression, they were overrun and slaughtered like



so many sheep. Their shattered bodies were buried in slit trenches by the miserable few who survived. Recently, however, their fleshless skeletons were exhumed and their whitened skulls laid neatly, row on row, across the hillside overlooking the scene of the Japanese advance. The rest of their bones were lined up flanking the skulls.

These pictures of the hillside (right) and its frightening bank of skulls (above) were taken by an UNRRA official during a field trip through the Hengyang section of Hunan province. Few other foreigners have ever seen this spectral gallery, but to the peaceful farmers of Hunan province it is a far more cloquent reminder of the reality of war than all the expensive statues that could be creeted.





COUNTING NOSES At Flushing Meadow balloting on the Palestine issue brought two men to their feet for a tense count of votes—Secretary General Trygve Lie (Left) and his assistant, Andrew Cordier, The vote: 33-13 to split Palestine into Arab and Jewish states.



ROUND THE WORLD In Van Nuys, Calif., George Truman (left) and Clifford Evans entered the last lap of their flight around the world in two Piper Cub planes. To complete the journey which took them through 30 countries, the pilots had only a hop to New York.



400 PASSENGERS In San Diego, Calif. the new transport XC-99, largest land plane in the world, taxied out on Lindbergh airfield and posed with its potential 400-passenger payload (above). While 50,000 sightseers craned their necks to watch its maiden flight, the six



engine, 482-foot monster took off and flew for an hour, carrying only a crew of nine. When it roared in to land, the XC-99 was greeted by cheers from Consolidated Vultee workers, who spent five years developing it—and with sighs of relief from the U.S. Air Force, which has invested \$15 million in the experiment.



CIRCUS WEDDING In Paris, Europe's circus world chose week of Britain's royal wedding for its own majestical-liames, Odette Bouglione and Francesco Caroli, offspring of Europe's top circus families, rode horses to church while a troop of midgets held the bride's train.



WILLIE SIX'S DAY In Sewance, Tenn., University of the South wound up its football season with a victory. But the loudest cheers were reserved for Willie Six, who retired after 40 years as the team's trainer. He got an armful of gifts, a ride on the shoulders of his team.



WHILE ALBERT HIBBS (LEFT) SIPS MILK AND STUDIES THE ROULETTE WHEEL, ROY WALFORD PRESIDES OVER RECORD BOOK AND THE MOUNTING STACK OF CHIPS

Two student theoreticians invent system for beating roulette wheel

On Oct. 24 two University of Chicago students rattled into Reno, Nev. in a Model-A Ford to try the gambling. Their total resources: \$100. Wasting no time, they went to the Palace Club, where they studiously made a chart of the recurrence of numbers on the roulette wheel. Then they went into action. Playing number 9, which their records indicated as the best possibility, they parlayed their \$100 into \$5,000 in 40 hours. At this point

ably, their system went sour. They dropped from \$14,500 to \$10,000 and kept going down. That was when the young theoreticians made the smartest move of all. They pocketed their winnings, packed up the Model-A and went home, ahead by \$6,500.



HOW TO ADD MINUTES

HOW TO ADD MINUTES

TO CHRISTMAS-RUSHED DAYS

TO CHRISTMAS-RUSHED DAYS

Let these good soups help you

Let these good soups help you breeze through the holidays



Hearty choice for holiday appetites. New, improved recipe! A soup to cheer a hungry family. For a delicious cream of pea, prepare it by adding milk instead of water.

Campbellin GREEN PEA SOUP

Start Christmos Dinner with appetizing cups of this clear beef broth. Families also welcome it as a 'tween-meals pick-me-up... a cold weather "warmer-upper."

Campbells CONSOMME



The soup most folks like best! Luscious tomatoes, table butter, delicate seasoning—a joy to winter-sharp appetites, Add milk instead of water, for a rich cream of tomato.

Campbellin TOMATO SOUP







Busy Candidate CONTINUED



IN SMOKE-FILLED PLANE Candidate Stassen holds mile high press conference on route between Southern cities. Plane was always filled to capacity.



DUPLICATING MACHINE aboard plane cranks out copies of Stassen's next speech. Copies were ready for local reporters as soon as the plane lended,

CONTINUED ON PAGE S4

"THE GIFT THAT PER SIFI THE GIFT THAT PER VICTOR KEEPS ON GIVING!" PERRY COMO ALBUM-"MERRY CHRISTMAS MUSIC" Perry brings you Jingle Bells; Silent Night; DENNIS DAY ALBUM-Winter Wanderland; O Come, All Ye Faith-BELOVED IRISH SONGS! ful; That Christmas Feeling; I'll Be Home for Christmas; others. P-161, \$3.40. Dennis sings When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. Mother Machree, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, A Little Bit of Heaven, others. Ask for "My Wild Irish Rose," P-191, \$3.40.

SPIKE JONES ALBUM -FUN FOR THE KIDDIES!

Here are Spike's side-splitting versions of Old MacDonald Had a Farm, Our Hour, Hawaiian War. Chant and Chloe, Nonbreakable records-twice as many plays! Get "Nonsense Music for Children," Y-359, \$2.25.

"Glenn Miller Masterpieces," Vel. II. Real collectors' items! Album P-189, \$3.40.

"The Three Suns Present." Eight great sidesi RCA Victor Album P-185, \$3.40. "Year 'Round Favorites"-Swing and

sway with Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra. Hits for each season! Album P-184, \$3.40. "Prom Date"-Tex Beneke and The

Miller Orchestra. Album P-183, \$3.40. "Tuxedo Junction" - Ersking Hawkins and his Orchestra, Album P-181, \$3.40.

Martin and his Orchestra, P-169, \$3.40. "Getting Sentimental with Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra," RCA Victor Album P-80, \$3.40.

"Concertos for Dancing"—Freddy

"Suite 'n Swing" Album-with Henri René and his Orchestra. P-190, \$3.40.

Suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

plus RCA Victor quality!

Two "exclusives"-Victor's billion-record skill and RCA's electronic wizardry-make RCA Victor Records so true to life!

Hear Bob Merrill on the RCA Victor Program. Sundays, 2 p.m., EST, over the NBC Neswork, "Victrola" -T.M. Rag. U.S. Pat. Off. Radio Corporation of America.

GIVE THEM A NEW VICTROLA RADIO-PHONOGRAPH FOR CHRISTMAS!



THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS



CARLING'S

Largest selling Bottled He in North Hemerica (UNITED STATES AND CANADA COMBINED)

Light, not logy Mellow, not musty Better, not bitter

Now at the same price as premium beers.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA Cleveland, Ohio

Carling's is also brewed in Canada at: Waterloo, Onfaria





CARLING'S RED CAP—one of the most talked-about trade-marks of the day

12 full ounces.

Busy Candidate CONTINUED



KEY TO THE CITY is presented by Mayor Sam Wassell of Little Rock, Ark. While there Stassen made plans to enter the state's presidential primary.



FLORIDA TANGERINE helps Stassen display his new sprightliness and incidentally please citrus growers. He is tossing it to his traveling companions.



YOUNG ADMIRER is greeted by Stassen at St. Petersburg. Fla. For benefit of photographers he obligingly played a gene of pat-a-cake with the buby.



I tried to think of something that would be as gay and dashing and wonderful as you are.

So, my Darling, it's a Nash—all for you. A beautiful new Nash "600," to be exact.

I'm sorry about that mud on the wheels—but I'm human—I had to sneak it out for a whirl last night.

Your new Nash is the sweetest-running car I ever had my hands on. It rides like sheer velvet.

Handles like a dream. We went sailing over Schoolhouse Hill as if it didn't exist at all.

I don't want to spoil your fun, but don't miss that little button on the dash called the Weather Eye. It keeps the air always fresh, clean and heated to perfection. You don't even need a coat!

I admit it looks extravagant. But it's a Nash ... and you'll be enjoying it'til the kids grow up.

Merry Christmas, Darling.





The Christmas Gift for Important Men



6174.5 P14 Size

- Websters are being specially boxed and Christmas wrapped this year. Boxes of 25, as low as \$3.75. Give Websters by the box. A luxurious gift to yourself and to men who are used to the best.
- There are five different sizes of Websters. Each is made of 100% long Havana, bound in top-quality Broadleaf and wrapped in finest Connecticut Shadegrown. Boxes of 25 and 50 in all sizes. Wherever fine cigars are smoked.

Golden Wedding, 15c Chico, 15c Sex of 25-\$3.75

Box of 25-\$3.75 Box of 25-\$4.50 Box of 25-\$6.25 Box of 25-\$8.75

Queens, 18c

Fainty Tales, 25c Directors, 35c

PRODUCT OF THE WEBSTER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



INVENTOR JESSE C. DONALDSON (FOREGROUND) DEFTLY MANIPULATES CONTROL STICK AS THE "WHIRLWING" KITE'S REVOLVING SPOOL RISES ABOVE THE GROUND

"WHIRLWING"

It looks like a big camera spool but it soars 1,000 feet in the air

Obviously the oversize papier-mâché camerapool souring high above the ground in the picture above is not a conventional kite: it has no struts and no tail. But it flies like a kite, and its inventor, Jesse C. Donaldson of Los Angeles, chooses to call it a kite. It has a trade name, Whirlwing Flyer, and it flies on much the same principle as an airplane. The 18-inch shaft between the two hubs is not cylindrical but has an irregular shape (p. 58) resembling that of an airplane wing. When

the wind blows, the whole kite rotates rapidly and rises in the air. It is controlled by two strands of No. 8 sewing thread which run from the hubs to a short stick held by the operator. The kite may be launched simply by spinning the spool clockwise and tossing it into a five-mile wind. It has been flown as high as 1,000 feet, can be put through acrobatics by manipulating the control stick. A Los Angeles manufacturer plans to have 100,000 of them on the market by the middle of December.



Get ZERONE or ZEREX today

ZERONE GIVES YOU and anti-freeze protection at minimum cost. It's made from the most efficient of all known safe anti-freeze materials: three quarts of "Zerone" will do the work of four quarts of most other types. "Zerone" needs only an occasional check-up. It improves cooling—retards corrosion—keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get Du Pont "Zerone"—the dollar brand in most demand.

"ZEREX GIVES YOU winter-long protection. It's non-evaporating—one filing lasts all winter in a properly operating cooling system. Like "Zerone," "Zerex" contains a special chemical inhibitor with a high "alkaline reserve" that gives long-time protection against rust and corrosion. Du Pont "Zerex" woa't attack rubber, seep from tight cooling systems, or clog radiators. There's no better anti-freeze,

For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "CANALISMS or AMERICA"—on NBC stations every Monday evening.



"Whirlwing" Kite CONTINUED



LAUNCHING KITE, Inventor Denaldson demonstrates for Santa Monica, Calif. grade-school pupils. Spool is slightly blurred as it revolves in the wind.



DISABLED VETERANS casily maneuver "Whirlwing" from wheel chairs at U.S. veterans' hospital in Los Angeles, Girl in foreground is a WAC casualty.



AIRFOIL SPOOL of the "Whitlwing" is shown with one of the end plates removed. Donaldson started working on kite as a possible antiaircraft device.

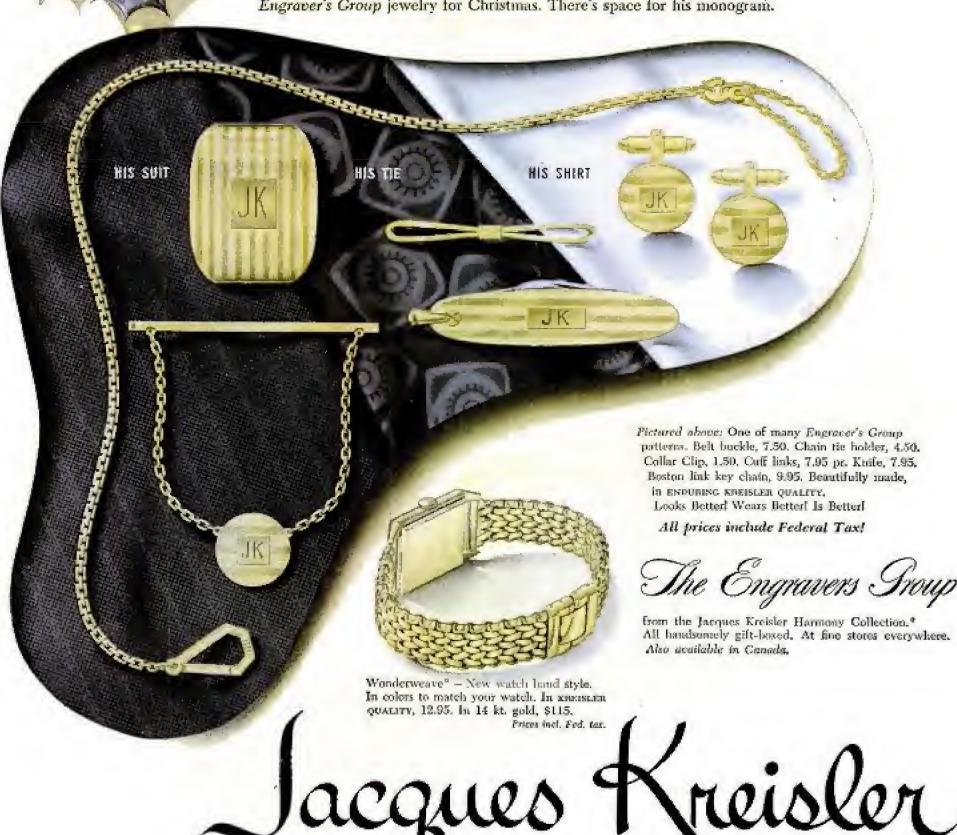
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THE JACQUES KREISLER HARMONY COLLECTION

designed to go with whatever he wears!

of who replicable to have

Classic beauty etched into men's fine jewelry. Created to add the perfect touch to whatever he wears, whether he prefers solid colors, tweeds, or stripes. For that extra dash of good grooming, give him Jacques Kreisler's Engraver's Group jewelry for Christmas. There's space for his monogram.



Briada Manas a Enfet 1/20070 patritife manufathania (gandanita

Jacques Kreisler, World's Largest Maker of Jewelry Watch Bands, North Bergen, N. J.





The 3-Way in Glace Goat

Smooth . . . shining . . . a Buxton exclusive? 3-Way Model with Mugic Purse and Secret Hideaway, **\$6**. Matching Key-Tainer, \$3. Also loxed us a set!



The Open Window Stitchless

with new super-locked construction! Holds identification cards, photographs! In Levant Goat, \$4. Matching Key-Tainer, 6-loop zip model. \$2.50

The Zip Model in Havana

patented Zip-Guard guides zipper, keeps it from catching bills. In Havana Saddle, \$6 Matching Key-Tuiner, 4-loop zip model with auto license holder, \$2.75

Only Buxton* has the Super-Locked Stitchless . . . one piece of finest leather locked more firmly than ever before. Only Lady Buxton* has the Magic Purse . . . the Secret Hideaway . . . so many colors, leathers, styles! Only Buxton Key-Tainers are so safe, so easy to use! So give the gift that gives for years! . . . a Buxton Matched Set . . . Billfold plus Key-Tainer!

"Trade Mark of Borron Inc. Beg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Give Handsome BUXTON BILLFOLDS with matching



Lady Buxton's Snap-and-Zip

Zips tight, snaps enug! Detachable Magic Purse and big open window! In good-booking sheepskin, \$3.50... Matching Key-Talaer, \$2.50. Also boxed as a set!



The Lady Buxton Snap Model

So many roomy compartments . . . Magic Purse! All set with matching Key-Tainer. In good-hooking sheepskin . . . Billfold, \$3,50 . . . Key-Tainer, \$2,50



3 Way with Separate Innerfold

The innerfold inverts to make a Secret Hideaway for big bills. Detachable Magic Purset In sheepskin, \$4.50. Matching Key-Tainer, \$2.50



3-Way Super Locked Stitchless

Separate innerfold inverts to form a Secret Pocket. In good-looking Pin Morocco Goat, \$7.50. Matching Key-Twiner....6-loop button model, \$2.25



Hurt Club Saddle

Handsome ser! Partition Billfold, \$5. Matching Keys Tainer, Twin Six model, \$2.75



The New Zippit with Pass Case

Three-sided zip guards valuables. Special Card pocket.... detachable coin purse.... place for keys! In rugged Mandalay Goat, \$5

The Super-wearing Sharkskin Set

Beautiful, long-lasting sharkskin with an exclusive Buxton finish that brings out all the natural graining, resists scratching and wear. The Ascot for letters and business papers. \$15. The 3-Way Super-Locked Stitchless with separate innerfold, \$15. The 6-loop zip Key-Tuiner with auto license holder, \$4.50



GUARANTEED! If any
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All processingers to 20%, see

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THE ELECTRIA OF THE MOVIE'S TITLE, LAVINIA MARNON (ROSALIND RUSSELL), BROODS, CLOTHED IN SOLEMN BLACK, OUTSIDE HER FAMILY'S SORROWFUL HOUSE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Mourning Becomes Electra

Eugene C'Neill's tragedy of vengeance in a New England family is a great forward step for cinematic artistry

"True tragedy," declares Critic Joseph Wood Krutch, "may be defined as a dramatic work in which the outward failure of the principal personage is compensated for by the dignity and greatness of his character." After Shukespeare, tragedy was almost a lost art in English until Eugene O'Neill wrote Mourning Becomes Electra in 1931.

O'Neill's story was borrowed from Aeschylus' Oresteia, first presented in 458 s.c., but his setting is New England in 1865. The characters are the wealthy Ezra Mannon, his foreign wife Christine and their children, Orin and Lavinia. The action is divided into three sections. Prompted by jealousy, hist and incestoous thoughts-with deception, murder and suicide as their agents-Christine kills her husband (Homecoming) and is punished by her children (The Hunted). Then Orin commits suicide and Vinnie, the tragic Electra, dons the mourning she was fated for and enters the great house to live in solitary dammation (The Hounted).

This somber tale has been made into a movie for RKO with the loving care of Adapter-Director Dudley Nichols. Since the original lasted six hours on the stage, the movie version is extremely long (nearly three hours) and—except for Michael Redgrave, who is brilliant as the son-seems only fairly well acted. Even so, Electra is a thrilling film which sustains an assault on the emotions as no other movie has ever done. Therefore and because -without being highbrow-it indulges in no cheap caperings for the sake of "mass entertainment," Electra stands as an artistic triumph and a landmark in the development of cinema artistry.

HOMECOMING



VINNIE IS COURTED by a passionate mariner named Adam Brant (Leo Genn). She loves him but finds he is merely using her to disguise a real love affair with her mother.



VINNIE HATES her brazen mother, Christine (Katina Paxinou). She throws over her suitor. Peter Niles (Kirk Douglas), thelevote herself to her beloved father, Ezra.

THE HUNTED



SON LOVES MOTHER with an unmutural affection, so much so that Vinnic only half persuades Orin (Michael Redgrave) that his mother is both an adulteress and a murderess.



CHRISTINE SHOWS guilt when Vinnie confronts her with the poison box on Exra's bier. Now Orin, jealous because his mother loves another, sides with Vinnie.

THE HAUNTED



VINNIE AND ORIN assume their dead parents' identities. She has become passionate, he a puritan.



VINNIE LOVES Peter Niles again, but Orin, disregarding Peter's sister (Nancy Coleman), wants Vinnie to forsake the world, live only for him.



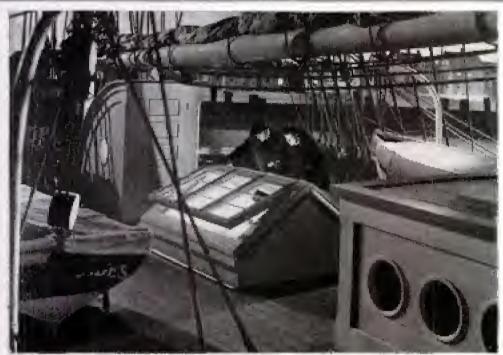
RECALLING their family past, Orin says he and Vinnie must be punished for their crimes.



HOME FROM WAR comes Father Erra (Raymond Massey). He tries tomake up with Christine, who has always hated him for his paritonism. Vinnie is ungovernably jealous.



EZRA DIES after Christine has poisoned bina in order to marry Captain Brant, Knowing Christine is guilty. Vinnie swears to wreak vengenner on her passionate, unhappy mother.





ON BRANT'S SHIP Vinnie and Orin spy on their norther's lover, Then, goaded on by his vengeful sister, Orin lies in wait for Adam Brant below decks and shoots him.

CHRISTINE IS TOLD of Brant's death, Thus Orin punishes his mother for loving someone other than himself, and Vinnie revenges her father's hetrayal. Christine kills herself.



VINNIE REFUSES to give Peter up. Orin. with all hope of happiness gone, kills himself.



BUT VINNIE TURNS puritons too, sends Peter away. Even though the past is dead, she knows happiness is not for her; she must pay for her sins.



"PLL LIVE ALONE with the dead and let them Journal me," says Vinnie, entering the house forever.

Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING



PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke — filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos — gives you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

-and they are mild!

"Mourning Becomes Electra" CONTINUED

O'NEILL USED CLASSIC TRAGEDY TO EXPRESS MODERN VIEWPOINTS

When Engene O'Neill wrote Mourning Becomes Electra, he patterned his story after Aeschylus' classical tragedy of Agamemnon, Clytenmestra and their two children. The character of Lavinia followed Sophocles' conception of the daughter Electra. But there was one great difference. In Aeschylus the characters are ruled by supernatural forces and by Fate, which were highly understandable dramatic factors to the Greeks. O'Neill, believing that both are "poetic" and unreal to a modern audience, substituted modern psychology. In Mourning Becomes Electra, therefore, the characters are not motivated so much by outside influences as by their own desires, frustrations and repressions.

Since O'Neill has been influenced by the school of psychological thought founded by Sigmund Freud, it is not surprising to discover that Mourning Becomes Electra is, without being pornographic, a play about sex. Because Ezra and Christine are incompatible sexually, she turns to Brant. Because Orin loves rather than likes Christine, he revenges himself on Brant, who has stolen her affections, and ultimately turns to Vinnie, the reincarnation of his mother. On the moral level Mourning Becomes Electra deals with a problem which is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon: the conflict between puritanism and passion. Ezra, a Yankee, thinks that love is at bottom sinful. Christine and Brant, who have French blood, think it is healthy. The clash of these beliefs blossoms inevitably into the destruction of the Manuen family.

All these aspects of Mourning Becomes Electer are side issues, however, just as, for all their excellence, are the play's plottings, suicides and melodramatic scenes. The point of Electra—to which it is bent by psychological framework, moral purpose and writing technique—is to show that human beings are terrifying and heroic creatures when they lie in the grip of great passions and to make the audience feel admiration, pity and terror at the sight of them. This is not the purpose of such good dramatists as Ibsen and Chekhov or, contemporaneously, Lilian Hellman and Clifford Odets. These writers are chiefly concerned with the littleness of man. Their level is the level of drama and, after their final curtains, it is impossible to say, "How have the mighty fallen." Such words can only be spoken at the close of Occipus or Hamlet or Macbeth which, being tragedies, are concerned with displaying the greatness of man. They are also appropriate during the closing moments of Mearning Becomes Electra.

Electra, in fact, is almost in a class with Shakespeare. The characters, the story and some of the scenes are easily as good as anything of the Bard's. Where Electra falls down is in its language. This does not mean that O'Neill's spare vocabulary is prosy but that moments which cry for a great line, like "Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kines." are not completely fulfilled.

the death of kings," are not completely fulfilled.

On the screen Mourning Becomes Electra displays nearly all the attributes provided by its author. Adapter Dudley Nichols tampered with the original very little, only moving the action outdoors occasionally to provide a little movement. Whether or not the picture will have a commercial success commensurate with its artistic achievement is uncertain. Intellectuals will probably like it, but many moviegoers may be less willing to have their emotions pulverized for three grueling hours by something unlike any other movie ever made. Either way, Nichols feels good about the film. More important, so does O'Neill.

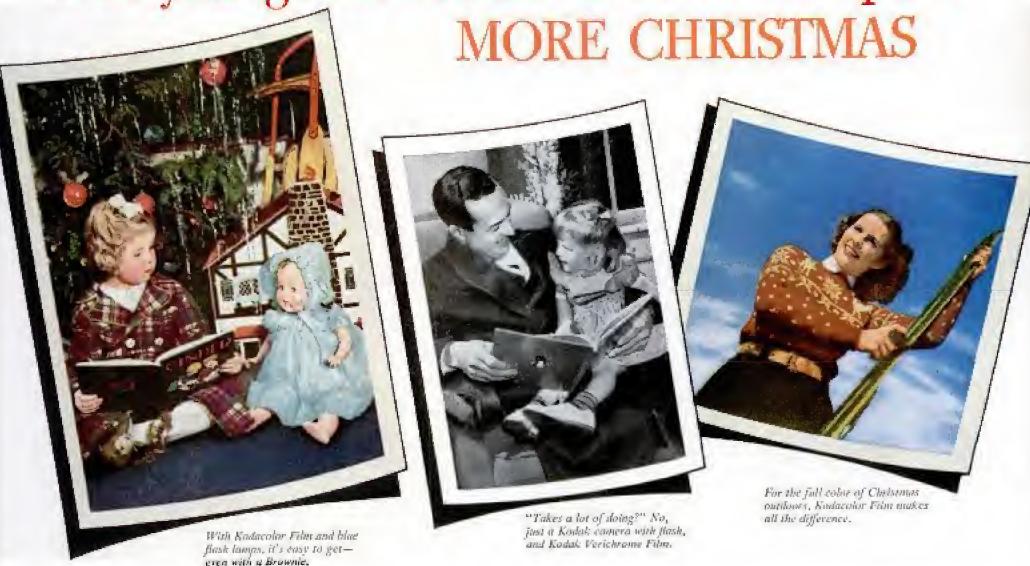


DUDLEY NICHOLS adapted Long Voyage Home by O'Neill for screen.



EUGENE O'NEILL wrote The Ice-man Cometh, a Brondway hit last year.

Now your gift of a Kodak camera will capture



All of the cameras shown here take both black-and-white and full-color pictures...day or night



Brownie Cameras, \$2.75 to \$9 Hinstrated: Brownie Flash Six-20, \$9. Flasholder extra.

A Brownie is always a buy. For a child or beginner. For anybody who wants to get good anapshots the easiest way. The Brownie Flash Six-20 gets them day or night . . . and, with Kodacolor Film, in full color.



Kodak Reflex Camera, 5120

Price includes Field Case . . . Flasholder extra. For the reflex-camera "fun" who appreciates these superior features—twin f/3.5 lenses, both Lumenized . . . Flash Kodamatic Shutter, 7 speeds to 1/200 . . . rigid cast-aluminum body. A superb camera for cotor, flash—all modern picture making.



Kodak Folding Cameras, \$17.50 to \$75 Kodak Monitors, \$60 and \$75; Kodak Vigilant Junior (without flash synchronization), \$17.50.

Illustrated: Kodak Vigilant f/4.5, \$53. Flasholder extra.

These famous favorites, providing 2½ x 3½ negatives in a camera that is compact, easy-to-carry, now make full-color snapshots (with Kodacolor Film) as well as black-and-white, and most of them may be equipped with flash for night shots.

"Kodak" is a trade mark

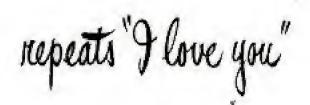
Kodak Miniature Cameras, \$50 to \$75 Kodak Flash Bantam //4.5, \$50 Kodak 35 //4.5, \$50

Illustrated: Kodak 35 f/3.5, with range finder, \$75. Flasholder extra.

For your "Miniature" fan who wants crisp negatives for enlargements, and, with Kodachrome Film, slides in full color for projection or full-color prints. Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, too. Consult your dealer. EASTMAN KODAK CO. Rochester 4, N. Y.







No need for words, when the Christmas-time gift is a Waltham.

Its cloquent beauty tells your love . . . repeats it again . . .

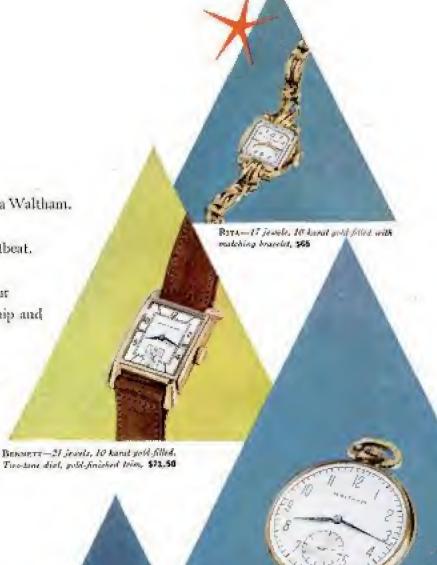
and again . . . in every whisper of its tiny heartbeat.

This Christmas, particularly, Waltham reveals your affection. For there are more than 150 brilliant new designs ready for your choosing . . . blending, as always, superb Waltham craftsmanship and scientific precision. Each Waltham you select has at least 17 jewels. Each is fashioned-within to incredible perfection —

the new hairspring, for example, is made to limits of ten-millionths of an inch! As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

From \$39.75 to \$750, Federal tax included.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.



Epon - 17 jewels, 14 harat white gold with their blue-white discounts, 5125

Assymption 17 fewerls, 10 knowl white are gullion polish filled. Silver dist. 545

Wastern-Slim, modern pockel model, 17 jewele, 14 karat gold-filled, \$71.50

AMERICANS HAVE WORN WALTHAM WATCHES

SINCE 1851—LONGER THAN ANY OTHER

FINE AMERICAN WATCH EVER MADE

Victors—17 jewels, 10 kneat gellow gold-filled. Raised gold-finished momentals on diel, \$52.50

THE NEW



FIRST AMERICAN WATCH * * * Made in America for 97 years



BROWN-FORMAN'S



BLENDED WHISKY

From Kentucky

Treat yourself and your guests to superlative holiday drinks, made with Brown-Forman's

King Whisky—from KENTUCKY!

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION. At Louisville in Kentucky

The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old, 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits, 86 proof,



AUTOMOBILE DESIGN

It is exciting in Europe but only promising in the U.S.

Once again in a few favored places throughout the world a man can ogle a new, well-turned fender and sniff the heady redolence that a new automobile's paint, metal and upholstery distill. After six carless war years and two years of uninspired "face-lifting" some really new cars are on display, Mostly they are European. The top Continental cars shown in Paris and Rome last month were lavish, beautiful and original in design. Although far out of reach for most of the people who viewed them, they nevertheless might well be an inspiration to U.S. manufacturers. So far in America only five real postwar cars have appeared: the Hudson, Packard, Studebaker, Kaiser and Frazer. The longawaited new ears of the Big Three, CM, Chrysler and Ford, are still subjects of nationwide curiosity.

In spite of America's delay in new styling, U.S. cars are now and have long been the envy of the

world because of their roominess, comfort, dependability and unquestioned dollar-for-dollar value. Actually some of the most forward-looking trends in U.S. design may come from the ferment of new makes, many of them midgets, already beginning to appear.

On these pages LIFE reports some of the automobile style trends observable in both Europe and the U.S. and shows some cars that embody them.



FRENCH GIRL SMILES PROUDLY, ON AN ORANGE DELAHAYE WITH NATURAL LEATHER UPHOLSTERY WHOSE FENDERS WOULD COMMAND THE RESPECT OF ANY TRUCK DRIVER.

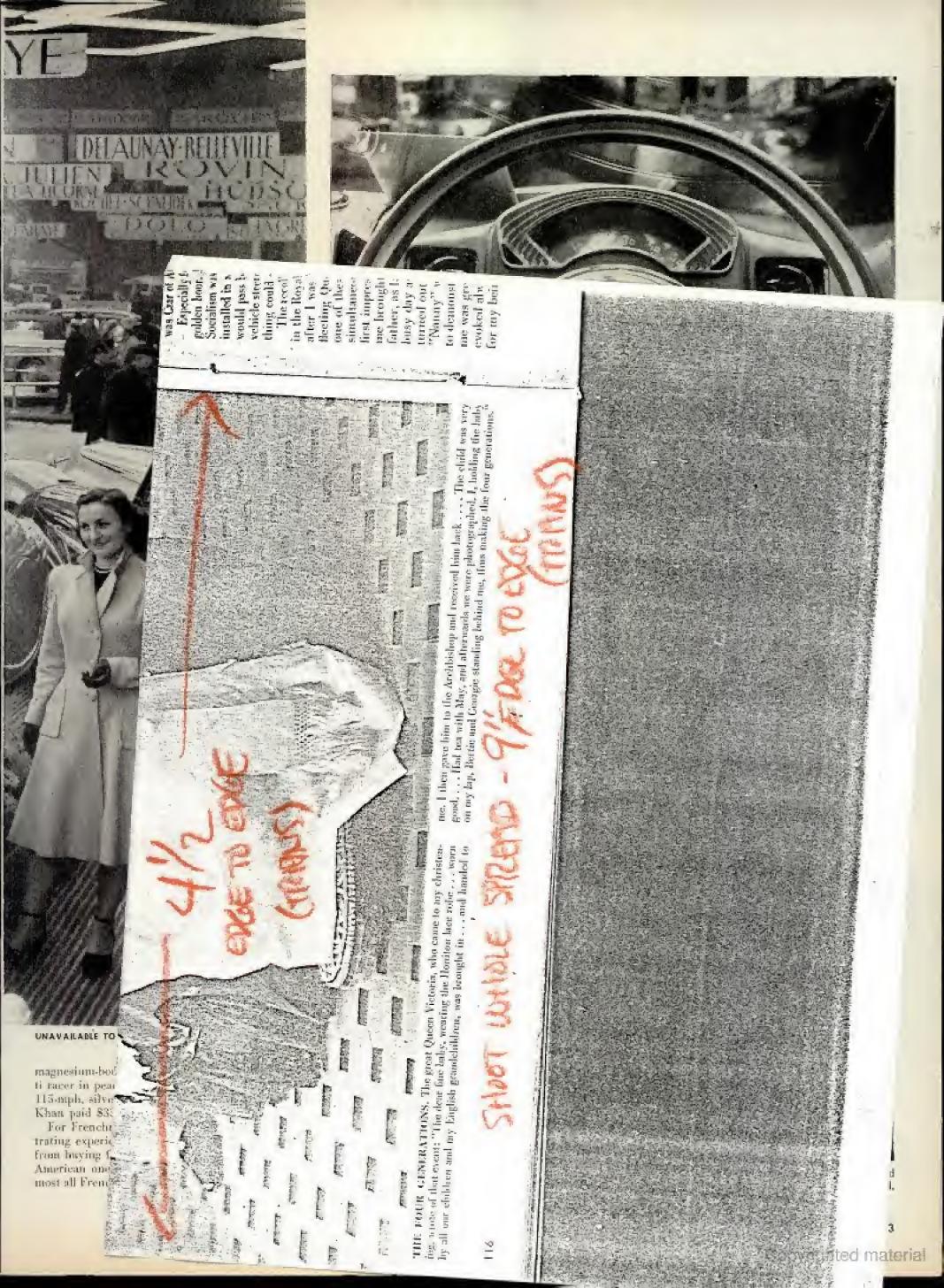
PARIS SHOW

It sets a new high for rich and splendid cars

The 34th annual Sulon de l'Automobile in Paris last month brought together the first important assemblage of automobiles (90 makes, including 21 American; 900 models) since Hitler marched on Poland. The European cars divided into two groups: long, flaunting creations (above) produced in small numbers, with handmade bodies, costing as much as \$35,000, or imaginative but anemic little roadbugs designed for the "poor-man trade" (of which

Europe actually has none, only the middle class being able to afford even the cheapest cars like the Dolo at right or the Citroen).

Both groups were studied with axid interest by the more than one million spectators who attended. Prominent were such features as the mobiled Plexiglas roofs, the rear engines and the bar kits with which some tunneaus were equipped. The visitors also saw such stunning creations as Georges Irat's





TRIUMPH condster epitomizes the small, popular English sport ear, well-suited to the narrow, winding English roads, racy and lively in appearance. It seats three in

front, has an old-fashinned numble seat and a folding windshield for numble passengers. Engine develops 16 European hp (65 U.S. hp). The price in the U.S.: \$4,150.



DELAGE (above, French) victoria has a raspberry-red body built by Figuri and Fuluschi, famusi European custom body makers, and a six-cylimber motor. Its natural-

leather seats hold four passengers. Price: \$15,000. Coupe body by Gioseppe Farina (shown with car below) on an Alfa Romeo sport chassis won a heauty prize in Italy.





FOREIGN DESIGN IS GAY, IMAGINATIVE, RADICAL

EUROPEAN vs.

Foreign aim is beauty while U.S. stylists

The two small pictures at the top of these pages illustrate the divergent trends in European and U.S. automobile styling. The sketch at left is a composite of the present outstanding trends in British and Continental auto design: the sketch at right synthesizes current U.S. designs. The U.S. pattern is stanch, blocky and commodinus (three curs. right). The European pattern is fleet, graceful and parrow (three curs. left).

European designers care little for the dictates of production-line manufacture, Prixing originality and distinction, they use lines, masses and high-lights as does a sculptor: for the sheer sake of heauty. They have the advantage of designing cars intended chiefly to carry their wealthy sportsman owners and a few friends in regal luxury. The results are lithe, hand-tooled vehicles, sure-footed and sensitively responsible to controls.

The U.S. designer, asked why he does not create cars on the European pattern, smiles wryly. He knows well that while Americans like such cars when they see them, they actually buy just what they need. What they need is a car that will carry an entire family and its possessions—groveries,



ROLLS-ROYCE is the conservative, elder statesman of British metoring. Its radiator silhouette has changed only slightly since the first Kolls appeared in 1904. Be-



U. S. DESIGN IS CONSERVATIVE, SOLID, SENSIBLE

U.S. DESIGNS

for beauty's own sake stick to practicality

camping equipment, suitcases—over long distances. So the U.S. produces such ears in great numbers through mass production, and they have a uniformly high efficiency in performance. But in appearance they merely have a high uniformity. Production men bulk at major factory changes that radically new models necessitate, business offices shrink from the expense of retooling, sales managers quake at the thought of what an unsuccessful experiment will cost in sales. Instead Detroit pontificates, "Good cars develop not by revolution but by evolution." an expression which, translated into steel, means "No major changes this year."

U.S. automobile designers themselves, whether staffmen or free-lancers, want racier. "sexier," automobiles. Europe's desperate and determined drive to sell its ears in this country for dollar exchange may, by familiarizing the U.S. public with more radical ideas, eventually create a demand for them. When that demand becomes large enough, U.S. auto makers will certainly strive to meet it. The real answer to the question of "Why can't we design cars like Europe's?" is "We can" (next page) and "We have" (Lincoln Continental, top right).



cause of superb workmanship, it is commonplace to fust Rolls-Boyces operating after 30 years' service. They cost from \$18,450 to \$19,200, are owned by kings and rajus,



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL by Ford has low, clean silhouette, firmly drawn fenders and functional, compact rear deck. The late Edsel Ford helped to design it.

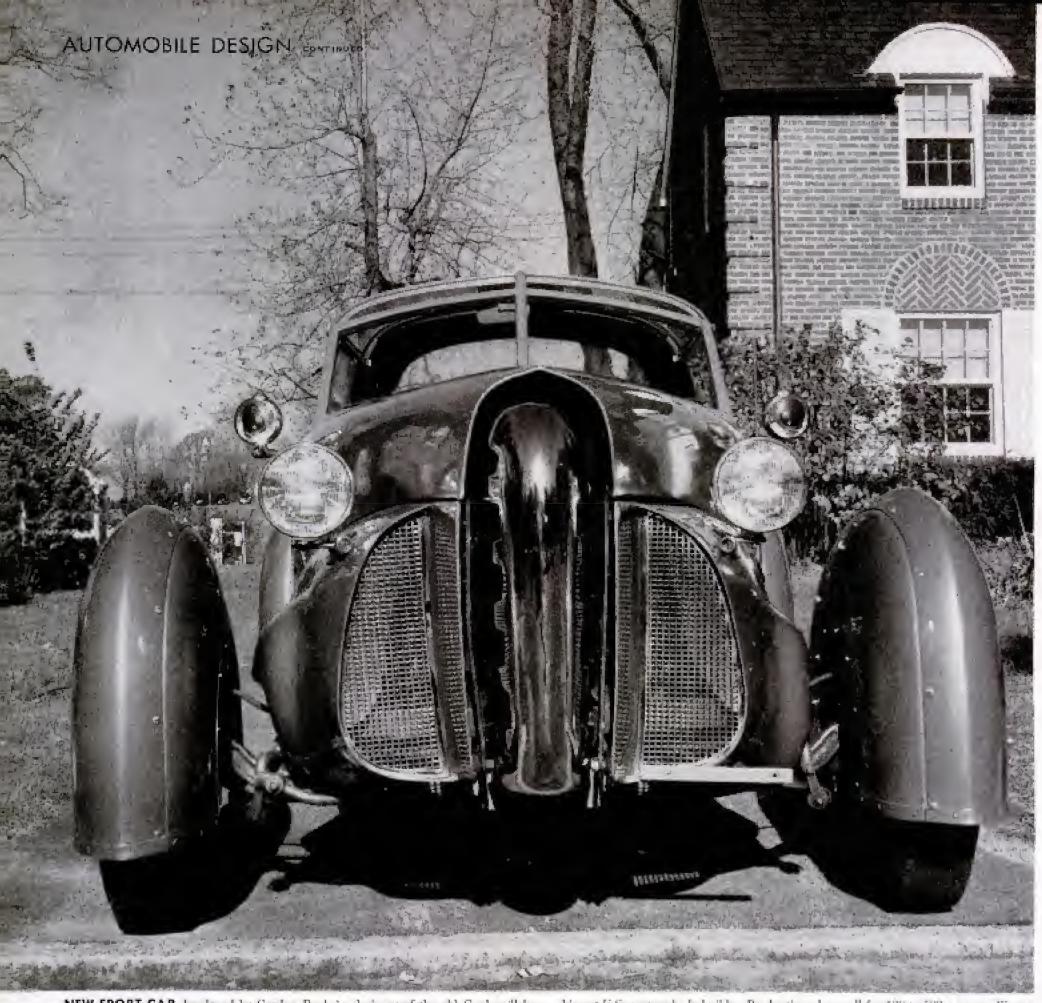
Despite its rather excessive grifle, many designers regard it as the most beautiful U.S. car. The convertible model (above) sents six, has a 120 hp V-12 motor, costs \$4,900.



STUDEBAKER carried see a postsser trend toward blending femders into the body and offorshed ample rear vision with big windows. Coupe (above) seats five, has

luggage space, costa \$1,942. New Hudson (below) achieves low center of gravity by making the body and frame one unit so passengers sit between wheels. Price: about \$2,000.





NEW SPORT CAR developed by Gordon Buehrig, designer of the old Cord, will be built on Mercury or Packard chassis. Pilot model (obots) has a special body by Derham,

biggest U.S. custom body builder. Production plans call for 100 to 500 a year, selling at \$7,500. Gleaning radiator cowling acts as humper. Plexiglas mof panels are removable.



CROSLEY, one of first U.S. ultrasmall-cur builders, now makes a four-passenger station wagon at \$929. It will make about 1,500 a month, Left: President Powel Crosley Jr.



WILLYS has added to its jeep line a sport phaeton, fire-engine red and senting five, at \$1,400. The versatile wartime jeep helped popularize small cars in hig-car-loving U.S.



NEW DARRIN, by California custom body builder, has plastic body for tests, is prototype of proposed \$3,000 car.

EXPERIMENTS

U.S. makers try a few

Despite U.S. makers' emphasis on evolution, mutterings of revolution are currently being heard. In the immediate future U.S. cars will simply grow lower, wides, have less chrome, lower grilles. But the rear engine, promising new lines, greater rouniness, looms on the horizon. Ultrasmall cars are appearing (bottom). Ace designers have built handsome test models (right). While the recent history of automobile innovation in this country is dismal, 1948 will see a new crop of experiments by independent makers. What they do to U.S. design will depend in the last analysis on what the public does about them.



AIRPLANE STYLING of new Burbrig car is especially noticeable in body lines, cockpitlike instrument panel.



EXPERIMENTAL BUICK was built in 1910 for Harley Earl (at wheel), GM vice president in charge of de-

sign. It has the first wrap-around bumper, a power top and shows how far advanced U.S. ideas were even then.



EXPERIMENTAL PACKARD "Phantoen" was built in 1940 by Designer Edward Macauley (at release). It has

"mouth organ" grille, lines like '48. Experiment's findings; fog lights too high, button door handles impractical.



KELLER, another newcomer, has a station wagon at \$1,095. In other models it offers the buyer a choice of front or rear engine. The new Tucker car will also be rear-engined.



PLAYBOY, which weighs 1,960 pounds, will be produced in only one model, scating three. It will cost \$995 f.o.b. Buffalo, has an all-metal top and is wider than it is high.



DAVIS, another new small U.S. car, a pilot model of which rolls here along a Les Angeles street, seats four in its one, wide seat. It has only three wheels, two in the back

and one in the front, but the very low center of gravity makes it almost nontippable. When production begins next year it is expected to sell for \$995 on the West Const.



CANDLELIGHT—An exquisitely styled occasional clock in the funct General Electric tradition. Beautifully cased in spackling black glass, ground and polished to shimmering elegance, \$19.50, plus retail tax.

CANDLELIGHT—The same clock, but with a differentcase. Your choice of velvety, glowing, brown East India hoobskin, or pigskin, hardened by white saddle-stitching. A superb gift! \$19.50, plus retail tax.

this Christmas-Give the clocks most people want most!

General Electric "Gift Clocks"—from \$535.00 to \$4.95.

A clock for every purse and purpose!

Each General Electric Clock shown here is a perfect gift clock . . . an enduring source of happiness . . . a chronieler of time and the giver.

Each of these clocks has these wanted-andwaited-for General Electric features:

No need to wind—runs electrically.

2. Noiseless-no distracting ticktock.

 Accurate—electrically checked by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

 Dependable—on time, all the time. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



MORNING GLORY—Beauty woulded to utility! This attractive General Electric Alarm Clock's flowlessly cost metal case has a soft, sating butter silver finish and gold-colored floted bross feet. Its hell alarm is melodicus, but positive! \$17.95, plus retail tax. GAY HOUR — A beautiful alarm clock with the General Electric feature—"Select · A · Larus." This gives the near the choice of personal relawe control. Alarm can be set to ring "safe," "mediate," "lood", . . , or any volume in between, \$7.95, plus retail tax.

HERALDER—An especially acceptable LOW-COST GIFT ITEM is The Heralder, with "Select-A-Lacin" feature! One of our most popular alarm checks, and only \$4.9%, plus retail tax. Available with luminous hands and hour dute at \$5.9%, plus retail tax.

THE ADAMS—A truly magnificent grand-father clock of 18th century design—even to weights and pendulum. The superb malangury case is authoratically styled. There is a special "moon dial," and the Westminster chimes count each quarter hour on 5 tubular hells. \$535.00, plus retail tox.

RIDGEFIELD—A beautiful mantel strike clock. This Colonial reproduction brings a note of graciousness into every room. Faithfully accurate in design, it strikes both the hour and half-hour on a drep-toned spiral gaug. \$32.60, plus retail tax.

RHAPSODY—Elegant in form, this new General Electric mantel chime clock has a diagonally grained malogony case burnished to a rich, sating sheen. Full Westminster chimes, in all their subtle beauty of tone, strike the quarter hours. \$55.33, plus retail tax.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and FORGET IT!



AIR HOSTESSES CONTINUED





BOWLEGGED STUDENT looked awkward (loft) before school taught her how to stand (right). Students can also learn how to camouflage knock-knees.





HANDLING A DRUNK is taught in classroom in cataway airliner. First, hostess politely takes bottle (top) and then tilts seat so drunk will go to sleep.

CONTINUED ON PAGE OF



NEW CAR FROM HERTZ













It's really amazingly easy, and so convenient, to rent and drive a car from Hertz, Thousands of traveling men, business concerns, and people who just drive for pleasure, find it so. Many salesmen use plane or train, and in each city they visit, rent cars from Hertz to make calls faster, comfortably, and save money. You can also make arrangements for car reservations at your destination under the new RAIL-AUTO and PLANE-AUTO TRAVEL PLANS by consulting your local train or plane ticket seller. Hertz is the only nation-wide rent-a-car system, now in 250 cities from coast to coast and in Canada. New cities are being added to the Hertz system rapidly. It's a dependable system, its cars beauti-

fully conditioned and properly insured. When you rent them, they are filled with gas and oil, all ready to drive.

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FROM COAST TO COAST AND IN CANADA. . WHEN YOU RENT A CAR FROM HERTZ YOU GET A FINE CAR. . AND COURTEOUS, DEPENDABLE SERVICE



Air Hostesses CONTINUED



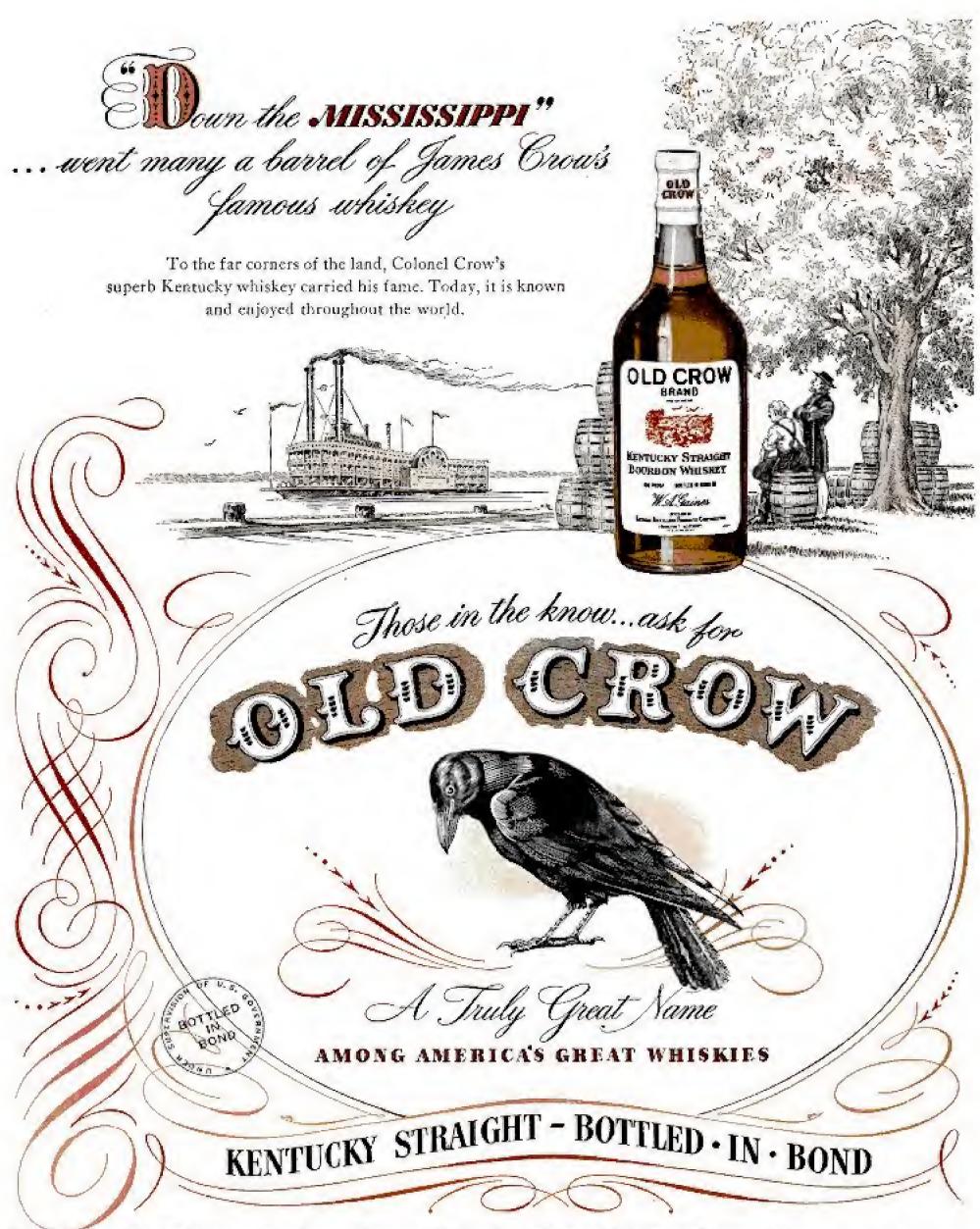
HOW TO CHANGE DIAPERS is taught with a practice doll. Most planes now carry throwaway diapers for use in emergency when the plane is in flight.





HOW TO SQUAT in narrow aisle without bumping passengers is shown by model. At top, ske bothers male passenger. Below: she uses correct procedure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE AL



Kentucky Straight Whiskey . Bourbon or Rye . 100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Air Hostesses CONTINUED



HOW TO GET READY FOR BED is claborate ritual learned at school. Here student brushes hair correctly—a hundred times with head at heart level.



THREE STICKS OF GUM should be chewed nightly to avoid any trace of double chin. Students are forbidden to chew in public or smoke in uniform.



NIGHTLY BATH with special attention to back of arms, elbows, knees, and shoulders is taken while clothes lung near tub to steam out any wrinkles,





Hard to believe, but a million owners know it's true! Here's a gift of *luxury* that's a gift of *thrift* as well!

Luxury, because the better-washing Bendix brings washday leisure never known before. Thrift, because it's actually more economical on hot water, soap, clothes. And it's priced lower—by as much as \$90—than new, unproved automatics.

Just RELAX while your Bendix does all the work! It pre-soaks, washes, rinses three times and damp-drys the clothes. Simply set the dial, add soap, and you're through.

You'll be dollars cheed on hot water and soup! Amazing! Fresh, clean sads for every load of clothes, yet

you save up to \$10 a year on soap alone! Yes, compared to an ordinary washer, the Bendix uses gallons less hot water—and only 1/5 as much soap—on a single 9-pound load of clothes. For "Tumble-Action" is the thriftiest way to get clothes cleanest.

Keeps clothes "like new" longer. No other method does such a thorough washing job so gently. Bendix

Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana. Dealers throughout the United States and in Canada and Mexico.



See the new Bendix Deyer and Bendin Truner, too, BENDIX automatic Washer

It Santo's statement really true? One of the first million Bendix owners is your neighbor. Ask her how beautifully clean it gets her clothes.... how thrifty it is with soap and hot water. Then see one in action at your nearest dealer's store.

THE ROBE

Novel of early Christianity has become a popular classic



NOVELIST LLOYD CASSEL DOUGLAS

NE day about seven years ago Hazel McCunu, a department-store clerk of Canton, Ohio, was reading a Biblical account of the crucifixion of Jesus. In John 19:23-24 she read: Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat; now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be. . . .

This account aroused Mrs. McCann's curiosity. She wanted to know the rest of the story. According to St. John, Jesus had worn the Robe, and after he was nailed to the cross the Roman soldiers in attendance had gambled for it. But what had happened to it? She decided to ask her favorite novelist, Lloyd C. Douglas (Magnificent Obsession, White Banners), who, in addition to being a successful writer of fiction, was a Lutheran minister with 26 years of experience in the pulpit.

Dr. Douglas could not answer her question, but it aroused his curiosity too. Certainly, he reasoned, the Robe was an undoubted relic of the Savior. Probably it had had a subsequent history. Since no one knew what that history was, it might be possible to invent one . . . and Dr. Douglas' fictional mind began to take over.

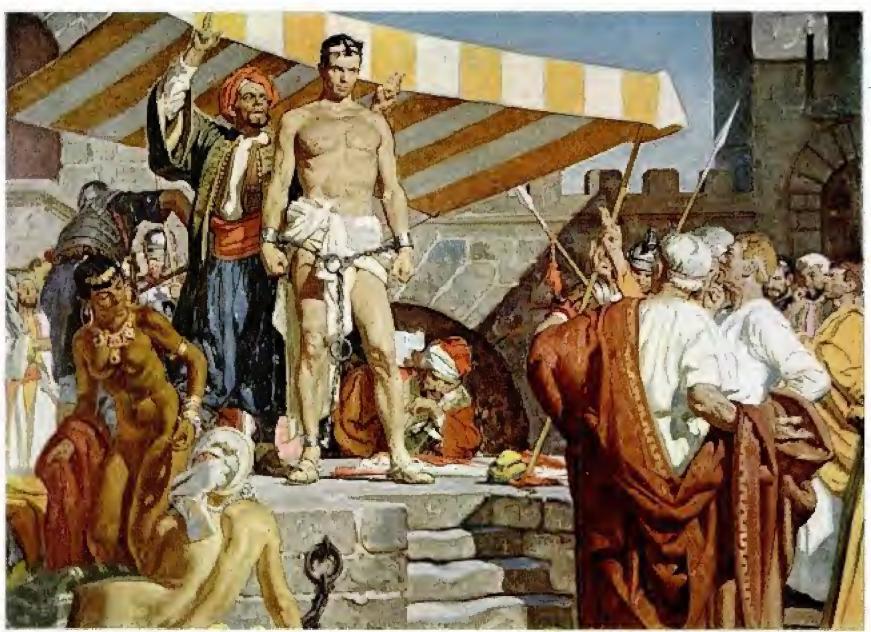
The result of his mental speculations, set down in 208,280 words and 508 pages, was a novel called *The Robe*, which was published in 1942 by Houghton Mifflin Company and immediately took up a lengthy residence on the best-seller lists. In the following five years *The Robe* sold 2,075,000 copies and still is clicking along at the very satisfactory rate of some 3,500 copies a month. These figures have been exceeded by few other novels, and both author and publisher believe that *The Robe* has the kind of appeal that will keep it in public favor for years.

The novel's hero is a young Roman named Marcellus, who, according to Dr. Douglas, commands the soldiers charged with crucilying Jesus and wins the Robe in the dice game on Golgotha. Soon afterward Marcellus begins to detect a spiritual power in the Robe and feels constrained to investigate the life of the man who once were it. He travels extensively in Greece and Asia Minor, talking to men who knew Jesus. Under their influence he becomes a Christian himself and undergoes many of the sufferings which Imperial Rome visited upon early followers of the new religion. Ultimately Marcellus is confronted with the choice of disavowing his beliefs or dying for them. With the Robestillin his possession to give him strength, he chooses death and is led away, inwardly triumphant, to become one of the earliest Christian marryrs.

Few literary critics have found a great deal of merit in this story. Many of them have been inclined to write it off as merely an inspirational popular novel. This does not bother Dr. Douglas, who thinks most critics are frustrated novelists anyway. Now 70, he lives in Las Vegas. Nev., eschewing the local gambling hells but enthusiastically attending meetings of Rotary. Currently in progress is a sequel to The Robe, which he plans to call The Big Fisherman. Its central figure will be the Apostle Peter, who appears in The Robe and is the last man to possess the sacred garment.

On the following four pages Life presents a group of pictures illustrating Dr. Douglas' novel. They were painted by Dean Cornwell, who was commissioned to do the job jointly by the publisher and by RKO, which will release the movie version of *The Robe*. As yet the studio has set no date for making the picture, which will be an expensive one, principally because Tyrone Power and Gregory Peck, either of whom would be an ideal Marcellus, are both committed to other companies.

PAINTINGS BY DEAN CORNWELL



IN THE SLAVE MARKET at Rome a Greek captive named Demetrius is bought by Gallio, a rich senator. Gallio presents Demetrius to his soldier son Marcellus, a roistering wastrel in his early 20s. Suon Marcellus, while drunk,

insults the Emperor Tiberius' stepson, and all the influence of the Gallio family is insufficient to save him from the consequences. Marcellus is ordered to a remote Palestinian outpost of the Roman Empire. Demetrius accompanies him.



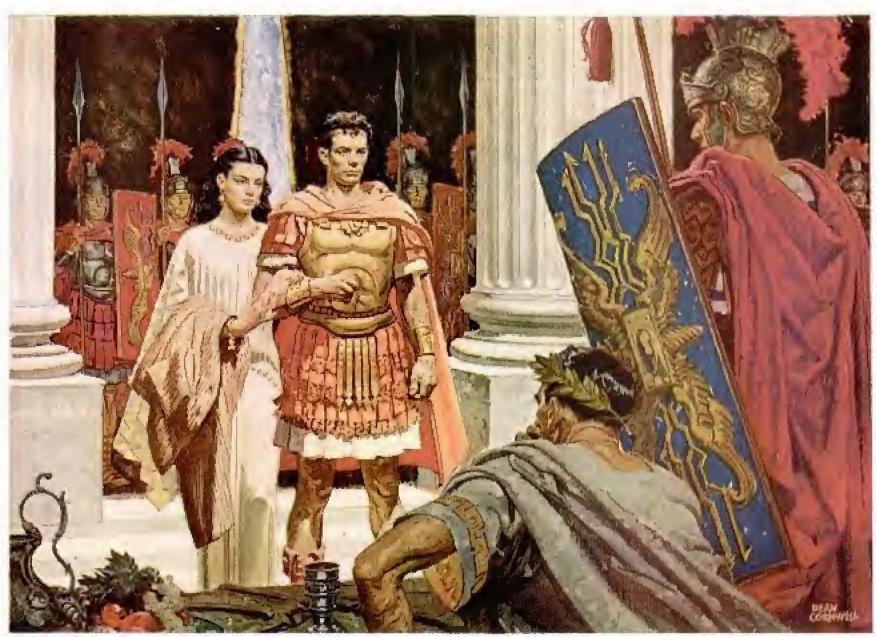
IN PALESTINE Marcellus finds that the fort be was sent to command is a shambles, garrisoned by drunkards and rebels. To assert his right to authority Marcellus is forced to fight a duel with his predecessor. Marcellus (right) wins

and successfully re-establishes discipline at the fort. Several days later be rides with a troop of men to Jerusalem to stand guard and prevent rist at the Jewish Feast of the Passover and meet the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate.



MARCELLUS IS CONVERTED from atheism to Christianity when he meets the Disciple Peter who, by telling how he thrice denied Jesus, relieves Marcellus from feeling forever dismost because he killed the Son of God. Still

carrying the Robe, Marcellus returns to Brone, hoping to convince the polytheistic cooperor that Christianity is the one true faith. He also plans to marry Diana. But meanwhile Tiberius dies and the insane Calignan becomes emperor.



BEFORE CALIGULA Murcellus and his wife Diana are sentenced to death for refusing to reasonnee Christianity. They have been picked up in the great persecution of Christians conducted all over the Roman Empire, from which

Demetrius miraculously escaped. Marcellus still has the Robe. Before dying he predicts Christianity will one day replace the couples in Robe. Then Dison gives the Robe to an audiscovered Christian who promises to take it to Peter.



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For the bearing thrill of your life, look in your 'phone book for the nearest of the Somotone offices and make a date to see this new Somotone "900". It's the finest all-in-one bearing aid, we think, that has ever been made!

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Your hearing is too precious to risk with "unknowns". Your hearing deserves the best! Be sure with a Sonotone! See the new "900" the minute you can..., and mail the coupon NOW for a fascinating, 24-page book, "FREEDOM FROM PEAR", on how Sonotone gives you uninterrupted hearing.

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Hore's "Softie" . . . sleepy little kitten, tiny bundle of softness. As silky-soft as your own hands can be when you use Sofskin Cream!

Hands

Sofskin

"Sofskin best," say beauty salon experts

According to recent nation-wide survey among beauty salon experts, Sofskin was preferred over any other band eream — 2 to 1! Just wait till you use Sofskin . . , you'll see why! Its special mollescent action works into dry surface skin. Changes your Dryskin hands into lovely 'Sofskin' Hands . . , in only 32 seconds by the clock!

Gift-wrapped . . . in holiday red!

Say "Merry Christmas" with Sofskin Cream! Looks impressive, yet it's yours at a "little gift" price at any drug or cosmetic counter. A festive gift to warm a girl's heart. and bless her hands. Will be enjoyed long after Christmas. Shop early for Sofskin Cream...red-wrapped for Christmas!

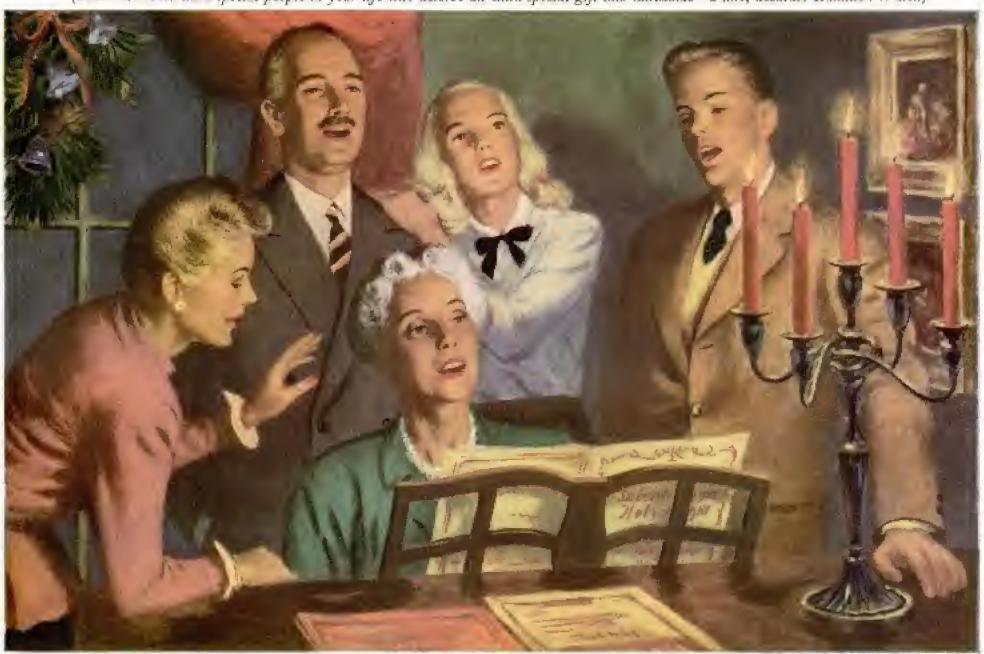
Softens, smooths your Dryskin Hands!

from 11

SOSKIII BELLIS FOLDIC BELLING E

Make this an extra-special Christmas

(Below are some extra-special people in your life who deserve an extra-special gift this Christmas—a fine, accurate Hamilton Watch)



MOTHER. Does she always think of everyone at Christmas—except herself? Take her breath away this Christmas with an exquisitely designed, amazingly accurate Hamilton Watch. The CLARA (below) has 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case. \$60.50.

FATHER. Want to tell bim how thrilled you are about his promotion? Give him a Hamilton—the Fine American Watch, Below (left), the Wesery—19 jewels, 14K gold case, Medullion movement...\$180. Below (right), the Norman—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case.\$66.

DAUGHTER. Did she make the Honor Roll her very first term at college? She deserves something super special this Christmas—a precions Hamilton Watch. The lovely Lana (shown below) is a suggestion—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case.....\$71.50.

GRANDMOTHER. Ever since you can returniser, has she had a way of picking the one gift your heart was set on? Give her the gift ker heart is set on —a beautiful Hamilton, "Diamond set" Hamiltons such as the one below are priced from \$120 to \$5,000.

50N. Is be making good in his first jub? Show him how proud you are by putting a good-looking Hamilton in his stocking. Helow (left), the Mynas—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case... **55.** Below (right), the Mysass—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case... **552.25.**

The scatches below were picked to anggest Hamilton's mide variety of styles and prices. See your jaweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift tritteles from \$52.25 up. Prices include Fed. Tax.



The finest hairspring over developed! It's the exclusive Hamilton Elicor Extra—anti-magnetic, rest-excising, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton was throughout accouracy in every Hamilton made. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a First Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. 8-8, Languages, Pennas,



AT REHEARSALS COWARD CAUTIONS LAWRENCE NOT TO HURL HERSELF TOO ENERGETICALLY INTO HER PART, SHE BEAMS AND PROMISES TO DO JUST AS HE SAYS

NOEL AND GERTIE

Coward coaches Lawrence revival and tells her to ping more quickly

Black ligger to the fit hands a comment

The two international stars shown above have been close friends ever since 1913 when they were hilled in an English repertory company as "Little Gertie Lawrence" and "Master Noel Coward." She was 14 and he was 13. Said Coward, "She gave me an orange and told me a few mildly dirty stories and I leved her from then onwards."

This winter, mainly for old times' sake, Noel Coward directed a revival of his famous one-actplay series, *Tonight at 8:30*, in which he and Gertrude Lawrence costarred on Broadway back in 1936. Lawrence is acting her old parts with two other actors in Coward's original roles. After a tour on both coasts the program of six playlets is scheduled to wind up on Broadway in March.

On these pages Life shows what a lark these two old friends had during rehearsals. Coward criticized Lawrence only when she spoke her lines a bit too streamously. "You're trying to do too much with it," he said. "Ping the lines more quickly."



WING STEP is directed by Noel Coward (right) for his playlet, Red Peppers, with Gertrude Lawrence and Graham Payn, who acts part originally played by Coward.



PULL-AWAY is one of Coward's favorite capers in Red Peppers, which is full of old music-hall dence routines Coward and Lawrence used to do before they became stars.









WATCHING Gertic rehears: a song. Coward is delighted (top), then offers a suggestion, awaits her response and bites his nails as it turns out to be a false note.

COACHING Certic and Actor Payn in the art of the dance, Coward (left) bobs up like a jack-inthe-box; Miss Lawrence squeals with amazement and approval.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Three Keen Gift Ideas.

FOR HIM_FOR HER



A-Rich 24 Karat Gold Plate Handle.

World's finest shaving instrument. A Gift of Unusual Distinction. In Handsome Gift Box... with 20 blades... Federal Tax Included... \$500

B-An Inexpensive Extra Gift.

Gay Christmas Package. Just right to put in his stocking. \$1.75 value . . . with 20 blades . . . \$125

C-Only Razor Ever Created To Make Legs Look More Beautiful.

EVERSHARP's smart new Fashion Razor, beautifully designed in the rich colors of gold and white, slicks away unwanted hair on legs and under arms without scraped or roughened skin. Note to Wives. You can snitch your husband's Schick Injector Blades for your Fashion Razor. Note to Husbands. One for your wife will keep her from borrowing yours. With 10 Blades . . . \$395

EVERSHARP SCHICK RAZOR

Noel and Gertie continued



STAGE BUSINESS was injected into the playlet Ways and Means when Nori Coward demonstrated how they used to do a scene together. "You know Gertie," he said, "here's where I used to give you a little whack on the bottom."



STAGE HORSEPLAY went on retentlessly during the rehearsals, much to the enjoyment of young actors who were awed by the stars' reputation. When Lawrence bent over invitingly Coward couldn't keep himself from kicking her.



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Calvert Reserve

CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof-65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



SURROUNDED BY SKIRT FULL OF HER OWN PRETTY FACE, MODEL NORMA RICHTER SHOWS OFF DRESS MADE ESPECIALLY TO DEMONSTRATE PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS

Two new processes are used to print pictures of almost anything on dresses, neckties and upholstery

Until now anyone claiming to have seen a dinner dress decorated with life-size photographs of the weater would have met with breath-suiffing suspicion or clinical alarm. Today, however, such dresses can be made (above) and photographs of everything from animals to pearl necklaces are being printed not only on dress fabrics but on upholstery, pillows, ties, bathing suits and lingerie. These photographic fabries are currently being produced in quantity by two new and rival processes. Both methods depend on a series of secret chemicals and dyes with which fabrie is impregnated to make it light-sensitive. In the Foto-Fab process used by Leize, Jac. of New York a light shining through a negative film makes a positive print on cloth. In the Photone process of Ross-Smith

Corp., also of New York, a positive film is used. For the textile-printing industry photographic fabrics are the hig news of the year. Although now limited to a group of restrained monotones, both pioneering companies are working to develop techniques that will give them full-color photographs on fabric and an opportunity to compete vigorously with traditional methods of printing fabric.



YARDS OF RAYON embellished with enlarged photographs of rose are stretched on frame during manu-

facture. The cloth was previously dipped in sensitizing solution, squeezed with rollers, exposed and developed.



FRANK SINATRA PICTURES, printed on huge bolts of rayon, are trunkled from the factory. Cloth will

be used to cover pillows for adoring bobby-saxers. Pillows will be sold by Macy's in New York for \$2.98 apiece.

Photographic Fabrics CONTINUED



HEDY LAMARR PILLOW is cuddled by a Lamarr fan. Hedy's face is very lifelike and about twice life size.



ROSE DRESS made from the fabric shown in picture at left was designed by Martini to sell for about \$70.



SKYLINE TIE was made from picture of New York's Chrysler building, visible beyond weater's shoulder.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

New lotion sensation works wonders for your whole hand!



Photographic Fabrics CONTINUED



STATUES OF DIANA AND APOLLO were photographed on upholstery design. Leize, Inc. makes custom designs from people's favorite photographs.



WALL HANGING showing lineman at work was made for American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It hangs in company's New York boardroom.







Make a date for 48



Cast off in a new Chris-Craft 16-ft, Special Remoteut for 1948. World's inwest-priced quality ranabout—speeds to \$7 maple.



Enjoy decute drives up this scoppy 17-ft. De Luxe Rusmimut—popular land—popushar price-pleaty of speed (up to 39 m.j.h.).



Re there may pent 1948 Chris Craft 20-ft Curtous Raembeut, postwar design, a baseyto boundle, speeds to \$5 mpd. Try it!



Ply over the waternays with this new 25-ft. Sportsman (operals to 40 no.p.h.), Big carrying capacity. Comfort and class!



Meet "Miss Fast," world's lowest-priced express critiser! Great boot for fun. Speeda to 29 map.h., 29-ft. segnal, 2 barths.



Vocation is style in this new 15 Cheir-Ceaft 45-It. Express Crairer, Smell see beat with 2 beatles forward, speeds to 36 maple.



Get the feel of fine crubing in this popular . design 27-ft. Super De Luxe Enclosed Cruiser with Directo, Speeds to 22 m.p.h.



Treat yourself to for in this 48 Chris-Craft 30-ft, Sedno Craiser, New strangahand design—speeds to \$4 maple.



Follow the sur in a 35 ft, Double Cabin. Enclosed Courses the deckinger, living Copyrighted material





with a Chris-Craft!



Look forward to fun in this new 10-ft. De Luxe Cheis-Ceaft Brillity, speeds to 50 m.p.h. World's most popular low-priced heat.



Hitch your Impeliance to a new 18-ft. De Laxe Chris-Chaft Utility. Big. beamy boot. Leads of fun. Species to 31 m.p.b.



Take a top from thousands of numers long a Chris-Craft 22-ft, Sportsmant Spends to 23 m.p.b.—the firmat utility affoat!



Croise contentedly in a new Chris-Craft 24-ft. Express! Forward cockpit. Navy Top curtains [no extra cost), speeds to 28 m p.h.



Theill to new wasners in this Chris-Craft. Semi-Enclosed Cruiser, Speeds to \$2 map.h. Cartains form sang cachears.



Picture yourself in this new \$6-ft, Englased Craiser with Directed Sleeps 4, big aft cockpit, speeds to \$0 m.p.h.



Make a date with this swell reagoing 40ft, Chris-Craft Double Cabin Enclosed Bridge Cruiser with speeds to 23 m.p.b.

SAILORSI

Make a date for '48 with a new Chris-Craft Ronabaut, Sportsman, Express Cruiser or Cruiser. Do it NOW! Current prices begin at \$1590. See a friendly Chris-Craft Dealer today. There's one in every important part in the world.

Command a NEW 1948



world's Largest Builders of Motor Boats Copyrighted material



Now on M.G.M Records Lionel Barrymore As Scrooge In Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol"

Here is an unforgettable story-on-records that will become just as much a part of Christmas as holly and mistletoe and the laughter of children. Lionel Barrymore's great and tender performance as Scrooge goes straight to the heart...for it comes from the heart of America's best-leved actor in his best-leved role. Allum M-G-M 16-A. Four 10" records. \$3.75.

OTHER SUPERB CIFT ALBUMS FOR CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND CAROLS

The strong Voletile songs that are a Christmas tradition. Remerkably fine conditions by the Canterbary Chair. Albam M.-G.M. 15. Four 197 counts, 53,75.

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Eight modern fameline arranged and seadureed by David Bose... headed by "Sweet Sae", "Laura" and the risasie. "Holiday for Strings", Albura M.G.M J. Four 10" records, \$3.75.



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The Greatest Name in Entertainment

Life Presents

THE STORY OF THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE by

Edward Duke of Windsor

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HIS PERSONAL ALBUMS, CAPTIONED BY THE AUTHOR



Last winter when the editors of LIFE invited the Duke of Windsor to write the story of a prince in the 20th Century, he answered, "But I was not the only prince in the world." Nor was he. All the same, no other prince of modern times so completely fulfilled in youth the storybook ideal of an almost vanished role. He grew up under the shadow of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, whose training for Empire proceeded under Melbourne, Peel and Disraeli—the longdead statesmen of Britain's century of power. He also became, as Prince of Wales, a brilliant and controversial personality of the prewar world—the knitter-together of Empire, a Prince Charming and later king with a mind of his own. His three articles, of which the first opens upon the following pages, were written last summer in France. Illustrated in part with photographs from his albums, they carry the story from his birth to the end of World War I when, already the most famous young man of his times, he set out from Great Britain on the first of his imperial tours. One might call these memoirs a backward look into yesterday—better still, the day before yesterday: a glance from the tension and disquietude of our tumultuous times into the life of a famous prince who was also a British boy in an age when hoyhood seemed utterly secure and good.



THE FOUR GENERATIONS. The great Queen Victoria, who came to my christening, wrote of that event: "The dear fine baby, wearing the Honiton lace robe . . . wormby all our children and my English grandchildren, was brought in . . . and bonded to

me. I then gave him to the Archbishop and received him back . . . The child was very good. . . . Had tea with May, and afterwards we were photographed. I, holding the bate on my lap, Sertie and Georgie standing behind me, thus making the four generations. ¹⁴

A ROYAL BOYHOOD

by EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

'N my father's diary for the year 1894, there occurs the following entry: "WHITE LODGE, 23rd June-At 10.0 a sweet little boy was born and weighed 8 lb. . . . Mr. Asquith (Home Secretary) came to see him."

White Lodge in Richmond Park, Surrey, was the home of my maternal grandparents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and somehow I imagine that this was the last time my father ever applied to me that precise adjective. But in any case, since Herbert Henry Asquith's star was rising, circumstances favored that my first visitor should be a future Prime Minister of England. It was Ascot Race Week and on the night I was born my grand-

father, then Prince of Wales and later Edward VII, was host at a large ball at Virginia Water, in Windsor Great Park, a short distance away. The news of my advent into the world caused a slight stir in that gay concourse. Stopping the orchestra, my grandfather announced, "It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York. I pro-pose a toast to the young Prince." The dance, I like to think, went on.

I was christened Edward Albert Christian Ceorge Andrew Patrick David. Edward is a traditional English name and before me had been borne by six English Kings. Albert was in deference to my great grandmother Victoria's express desire that all her descendants bear the name of her beloved husband, Albert, the Prince Consort. I was named Christian for King Christian IX of Denmark, one of my twelve royal sponsors. The last four names are those of the

patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, respectively. To my family I was and always have been "David." And I was brought up, in the simple English way, to call my parents "Mama" and "Papa."

It was a wonderful time to be born. Victoria at 75 was in the 57th year of her great reign and had been on the throne as long as all but the oldest Britons could remember. Britain was the most powerful nation on earth. Her seapower, industrial power and financial power were supreme. Her Empire covered a quarter of the earth's surface. Queen Victoria looked out upon a world not riven and shattered, but prosperous and teeming. The Courts of Europe were occupied in no mean measure by her numerous children and grandchildren. The formidable Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany was her grandson - "William." Another grandson, by marriage, "Nicky," was Czar of All the Russias.

Especially for Britons of the upper and middle classes, this was Britain's golden hour. Income tax was measured in the pence on pound sterling. Socialism was scarcely more than a theory. The first telephone had been installed in a royal residence only four years previously, and eight years would pass before my father acquired his first motor car, a small electric vehicle steered by a horizontal handle bar. It was hard to imagine that anything could shake the structure of the Englishman's world.

The recollections of my early life are very dim. My father, a career officer in the Royal Navy, did not give up his service at sea until 1898, four years after I was born. I passed immediately under the care of nurses and, reflecting Queen Victoria's instinctive attachment for all things Teutonic, one of these nurses was always a German. I learned English and German simultaneously. A nurse appears to have been to blame for an unfavorable first impression that I made upon my parents. It was their custom to have me brought downstairs at tea time. I was, after all, the first-born, and my father, as fathers do, rather looked forward to this interlude at the end of a busy day as an occasion of mutual pleasure and edification. But it seldom turned out that way. Before taking me into the drawing room this dreadful "Nanny" would pinch and twist my arm-why, no one knew, unless it was to demonstrate, according to some perverse reasoning, that her power over me was greater than theirs. The bawling and sobbing which this treatment evoked always ended in my running back to her arms, and in the necessity for my being removed lest I bring further embarrassment to the onlookers of this seemingly pathetic scene. Eventually my mother realized what was wrong, and the nurse left.

My great-grandmother Victoria reigned on for nearly seven years after my birth, long enough to welcome into this world my brother Albert, now King George VI, who was born 18 months after me, my sister Mary, the present Princess Royal, and my brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

I can recall being taken by my parents for occasional visits to the great Queen-Empress at the three places where she spent her long life: to Windsor, whose historic Castle dates from Norman times and whence my family

and my dukedom take their name; to Balmoral Castle in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; to Osborne, that utterly un-English house in imitation of an Italian villa which she had built for herself on the Isle of Wight.

Although in her journal the great Queen men-tions me with affection, the 75 years that separated us naturally prevented her paying me particular attention. In her white tulle cap and black satin dresses she was almost a divinity of whom not only the whole British people but her own family stood in awe. She wore shiny black shoes with elastic sides. But what fascinated me most about her was her habit of taking breakfast in little revolving huts, mounted on turntables so that they could be faced away from the wind. Weather permitting, she would ride over to these shelters in a little carriage drawn by a white pony led by a Highland attendant. Her fam-

ily would gather around, and later she would call for her secretaries and begin the business of the day. When Queen Victoria died aged 81 at Osborne, my brother Bertie, my sister Mary, and I were all at our country home, York Cottage, Sandringham in Norfolk, getting over the measles. My father, having caught them from us, broke out with the disease while at Osborne where he had been summoned to her deathbed, and was himself very ill. He was therefore unable to attend her funeral at Windsor and, as my mother remained to nurse him into convalescence, it fell to my grandmother, the new Queen Alexandra, to arrange for us three children to witness the ceremony. As through a haze, I can still see the caisson bearing my great-grandmother's coffin being slowly dragged up the hill by sailors to St. George's Chapel. The day was cold and gloomy, the ceremony mournful and depressing. In the minds of those present there must have been a fleeting sense of the passing of a great era, a foreboding of the political changes that were bound to affect

Victoria stood not only for a reign but a way of life. Diligence and respectability had been the moral pillars of her Court. Yet at the same time her own self-imposed seclusion, which had evoked certain republican rumblings, had imposed upon my grandfather as Prince of Wales more responsibility for public affairs than would normally have been the case. In consequence, his London residence, Marlhorough House, and his country estate of Sandringham, in Norfolk, had become the meeting place of diplomats, politicians, industrialists and bankers, artists and their patrons—the new society of Europe and America. With Victoria's passing it was natural that the gay little courts of Marlborough House and Sandringham should move tumultuously to Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral, where in Victoria's time only bishops, cabinet ministers, aristocrats and courtiers of dry esthetic interests had been admitted. The Edwardian era had arrived in the genial shape of my grandfather; and the effect upon the Victorian was the same as if a Viennese Hussar had suddenly burst into an English

their lives and Britain's destiny.

The exigencies of parliamentary government required the residence of the sovereign in London at prescribed intervals, a condition much to my grandfather's taste. Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria had spent only a few nights a year since her husband's death, needed renovating, and Windsor Castle, also Crown property, was in sore need of modern



THIS IS WHITE LODGE, WHERE I WAS BORN

conveniences. Balmoral, built by Victoria with family funds and deeded by her to my grand-father, had already been modernized to some extent. He always enjoyed brief visits to this retreat in the Highlands after his annual visits to the cure resorts on the Continent. The place he liked best, however, was Sandringham, in Norfolk, on the south side of the Wash. Sandringham consisted of an estate of some 7,000 acres. Much of it was flat, featureless agricultural land, lacking in the variety of the more beautiful English countryside. But he had built the Big House there for his wife and children, and the estate contained wonderful coverts for game, which was what mattered most to him.

The crowded "Cottage"

PHE Big House, where my grandparents lived and in which my father grew up, was a rambling, red brick structure of an unfathomable style whose secret happily died with the Victorian architects. A quarter of a mile away, within the estate grounds, stood York Cottage, originally built as the Bachelors' Cottage to hold the overflow of guests from the Big House. My grandparents had given this house to my father as a wedding present. My sister and my four brothers were all born there—the last additions to the family being George, later Duke of Kent, in 1902 and John, the youngest, in 1905, both now dead -and in the process of making room for them the house suffered all the indignities of improvised enlargement. Even so, when the whole family was assembled under the roof, together with a lady-in-waiting for Mama and an equerry for Papa, a governess for Mary and one or two tutors for my brothers and myself, "The Cottage" was full to bursting, so much so that when a puzzled visitor asked where the servants slept, my father answered that he didn't know, but supposed it was in the trees.

My parents' rooms were notable during my childhood as possessing the only two baths in the house, reserved for them alone. Our weekly tub was given in the nursery and, later, after Bertie and I grew up, in our tiny bedroom on the second floor. The excitement when new bathrooms were added and electricity and a telephone installed was intense. To us children the most important room in the Cottage was my father's study, a small and cheerless room where he would work and relax after shooting, and to which we were summoned for punishment and reproof. It was memorable for the fact that the walls were covered with a dark red cloth—the same cloth used for the trousers of the French army of the period. My mother never knew where he got the idea that this pants material would make an original kind of wallpaper, nor whether the intent was to evoke a mildly martial atmosphere or merely to warm up a room with a northern aspect. But my father loved this red cloth, was oblivious to all criticism directed at it, and when one summer the moths got into it he was heartbroken over having to remove the last shreds.

If my family could be said to have had a home in the conventional sense it was this Cottage. We lived there 33 years; it supplied in coziness what it lacked in architectural merit. Close by was an ornamental lake, with tame ducks whose quacking supplied a pleasant pastoral note at dusk and in the early morning. And in front of the house was a park stocked with web-antlered and red deer. Their nightly roamings were a constant detriment to the greens of the golf course.

When my father became Heir Apparent and was created Prince of Wales, his responsibilities grew, and with them the upkeep of houses within the precincts of the King's residences. While York Cottage remained his spiritual home, his London residence became Marlborough House. A stately red brick edifice, designed by Christopher Wren for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, it stands in a spacious garden surrounded by a high wall. The halls and the staircases are decorated with vivid paintings depicting Marlborough's great victories. These fascinated me: for around the heroic and commanding figures of the Duke and his generals. lay the debris of battle; dead and dying soldiers and horses, and shattered cannon. The agonized expression of some of the wounded Redcoats, painted with line realism, haunted my boyhood dreams of a warrior's life; and the pathetic glint in the eye of a maimed animal is still imprinted in my memory.

But my father's commitments in the way of houses did not end here. When my parents followed the Court to Windsor they occupied Frogmore, a Georgian house in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Finally, Abergeldie, an old castle covered with white stucco which you could pick off with your fingernails, three miles down the river Dee from Balmoral, was placed at my father's



WITH MY FATHER AND MOTHER I posed at Osborne House when I was 6. I clearly hated posing.

disposal for the grouse-shooting and deer-stalking seasons. Its most ornamental feature was a big stone tower, inhabited by bats and, we always imagined, by the ghost of Kittie Rankie, a legendary witch who was burned on the mountain opposite.

While York Cottage and Marlborough House contained some modern conveniences and had electricity, the last two houses each had but one bath, situated, of course, in my father's rooms. The other inmates had to perform their ablutions as best they could with water carried by the servants in buckets from the kitchen. And I can still see the oil lamps being carried into the rooms at dusk.

Between these four different establishments, my family migrated with the seasons like a flock of hirds. February and March would find my father and mother at Marlborough House. For Easter, they would go either to York Cottage or Frogmore for the Liest days of the lovely English spring. May and I due would find them back at Marlborough House for the London season with its round of public and private dinner parties, presentations at Court, and balls, interrupted by a 10-day visit to Frogmore for the Ascot Bace

Meeting. Then, as the social season waned, my parents would utilize the full to tour different parts of Britain, inspecting housing developments, dedicating highways, visiting hospitals, opening fairs—the royal equivalent of the politicians fence-mending circuit. Late in July my lather would once more vanish from our childhood ken, not to be seen until the family all came together again late in August at Abergeldie. We would presently hear of him yacht-racing at Cowes. Then the opening of the grouse-shooting season on August 12th would find him tramping the moors of his friends.

During this summer period my mother would take us all to Frogmore for a quiet and restful month. We always had a wonderful time there, cruising up and down the Thames in our tiny electric launch with a white tasseled top, and climbing the roofs of Windsor Castle. Though we missed my father, his absence proclaimed something of a letup in the discipline and iron routine

which he at all times enforced.

My boyhood was a strict one because my father was strict in his own life and habits. He was a perfect expression of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, those conjoined epochs to which his immediate forebears lent their names. He had the Victorian's sense of probity, moral responsibility and love of domesticity. He believed in God, in the invincibility of the British Navy and the vested privilege of the Royal Family. At the same time, he had the British flair for clothes and fondness for sport—from grouse to tiger shooting, deer stalking, and fishing. He was a fine shot, one of the best of his day; and there were few in England who could teach him anything about sailing a boat.

Father's rigorous schedule

JET through everything eleaved the sharp concept of duty summed up for him in the precept which, copied in his round hand, he kept on his writing desk: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it for I shall not pass this way again." These lines are attributed to an American Quaker. of the early 19th Century, Stephen Grellet, and I was made, while very young, to memorize them and they have often influenced my actions in my varied career. If through my family's position my childhood was spared the mundane struggle that is the common lot, it was not devoid of conflict. For the concept of duty was drilled into me and I never had the sense that the days belonged to

Combined with this stern sense of duty was an almost fanatical sense of punctuality. Only through rare accidents was my father ever known to be late. His days were organized with railroad precision—even to the habit of a post-luncheon nap, a carry-over from his watchkeeping in the Navy. Such was the power of my father's will that he could fall asleep instantly and wake up exactly 15 minutes later, just as if an alarm clock

had gone off inside his head.

In my father's rigorous schedule we children occupied small, fixed niches. We were summoned to his study at breakfast time to say good morning, then we would go again in the evening after tea. He and my mother always popped into the nursery to say good night while on their way to dinner. My father, never demonstrative, would peer down at us gravely in the dim light, perhaps touch the covers gently, and

then slip quietly out of the room.

I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract. Bertie and I, and mostly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

SNAPSHOTS FROM A ROYAL ALBUM



THESE FAMILY SNAPSHOTS show the life 1 led as a boy. My brother flertic—the present King—and I grew up mostly at Sandringham. Two of the most important ligators of our boyhood were Frederick Finch, our man-

servant (top right, avaring cup) and our tutor, Henry Peter Hausell, the tall man in the top left-hand photograph. Happy was my father's dog. The center snapshot shows Forsyth and Cameron, my father's Scottick servants, drilling

us on the lown at York Cottage. They were childhood heroes. In Scotland we often went fishing (hence left). The snapshot of my grandparents (hottom right) was taken on beaud the royal yorks Fiction and Albert at Cores.



MOST OF MY BOYHOOD WAS SPENT AT YORK COTTAGE NEAR SANDRINGHAM



I ALSO LIVED AT ABERGELDIE CASTLE (ABOVE) AND MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



I, came in for a good deal of scolding for being late or dirty, for making a noise on some solemn occasion, for wriggling and scratching in church, for not getting up when an older person entered the room. My father literally pounded good manners into us and we boys were taught to bow, and my sister to curtsy, to all our older relations.

Many of my father's highly individualistic habits and traits can be attributed to his naval upbringing in a hard, scafaring age when the sail was still regarded as a major and fully reliable form of propulsion. Long after his retirement to land, the Navy's tradition and outlook permeated his thoughts. It developed in him a gruff, bluewater approach to all human situations, and a loud voice. It gave him a fund of stories and reminiscences in which he delighted to indulge when we had as a guest a contemporary who had shared his sea experiences. And finally, he never lost the nautical habit of consulting the barometer and thermometer the first thing every morning and the last thing at night. No matter where he was—at York Cottage, in London, at Frogmore or Abergeldie, on his way to breakfast or to bed, he would make a beeline for these instruments. He would peer at the glass, tap the case sharply to make sure that the needle was not stuck and set it again.

My father had great fondness for Scotland and Scotlish ways, liked to wear a kilt, and, with a view to injecting a Highland flavor to the household, engaged two Scotlish veterans of the Boer War

who swiftly became heroic figures of my youth.

One, Henry Forsyth, had been a Pipe-Major in the Scots Guards. The other, Findlay Cameron, of the Highland Regiment of that name, had the reputation of possessing more medals than any other British soldier. Every morning, in the Scottish manner, Forsyth would rouse the household with the skirl of his bagpipes rending the morning air. Cameron, ostensibly a footman, never became proficient in the art of serving at the dinner table; and I well recall one of his early entries into the dining room when, as a result of inattention, he tripped and catapulted across the room a large ham

which missed my father by inches.

If an imperfect servant, Cameron, with his handle-bar mustache, was nonetheless an exciting companion, though in time my mother was to suspect that he carried the Scot's traditional preference for whisky to a point that made him a dubious example for impressionable young Princes. We loved to hear Cameron tell of his hand-tohand battles with the Fuzzy-Wuzzies and shooting it out with the Boers. And when in London nothing else that Bertie and I ever did could match the thrill of having Forsyth and Cameron take us atop. the wall of Marlborough House whence, across the street in Friary Court of St. James's Palace, we could watch the changing of the King's Guard. To salute the colors as they passed by became for us a veritable religion. A desire on our part to emulate this stirring drill inspired Cameron to organize my sister, myself and my next two brothers, Bertie and Harry, into a squad-a bit of make-believe which my father approved, thinking it would keep us from becoming round-shouldered. Armed with wooden guns, we would parade nearly every day, with Cameron barking orders from the drill book, and Forsyth playing marches on the pipes. It was great fun, especially at Sandringham; for my grandfather, the King, would some-times walk down from the Big House to inspect us.

Learning to crochet

WITH Mama life reverted to a less martial tempo. We treated her with devoted respect. Although she backed up my father in all matters of discipline, she never failed to take our side when

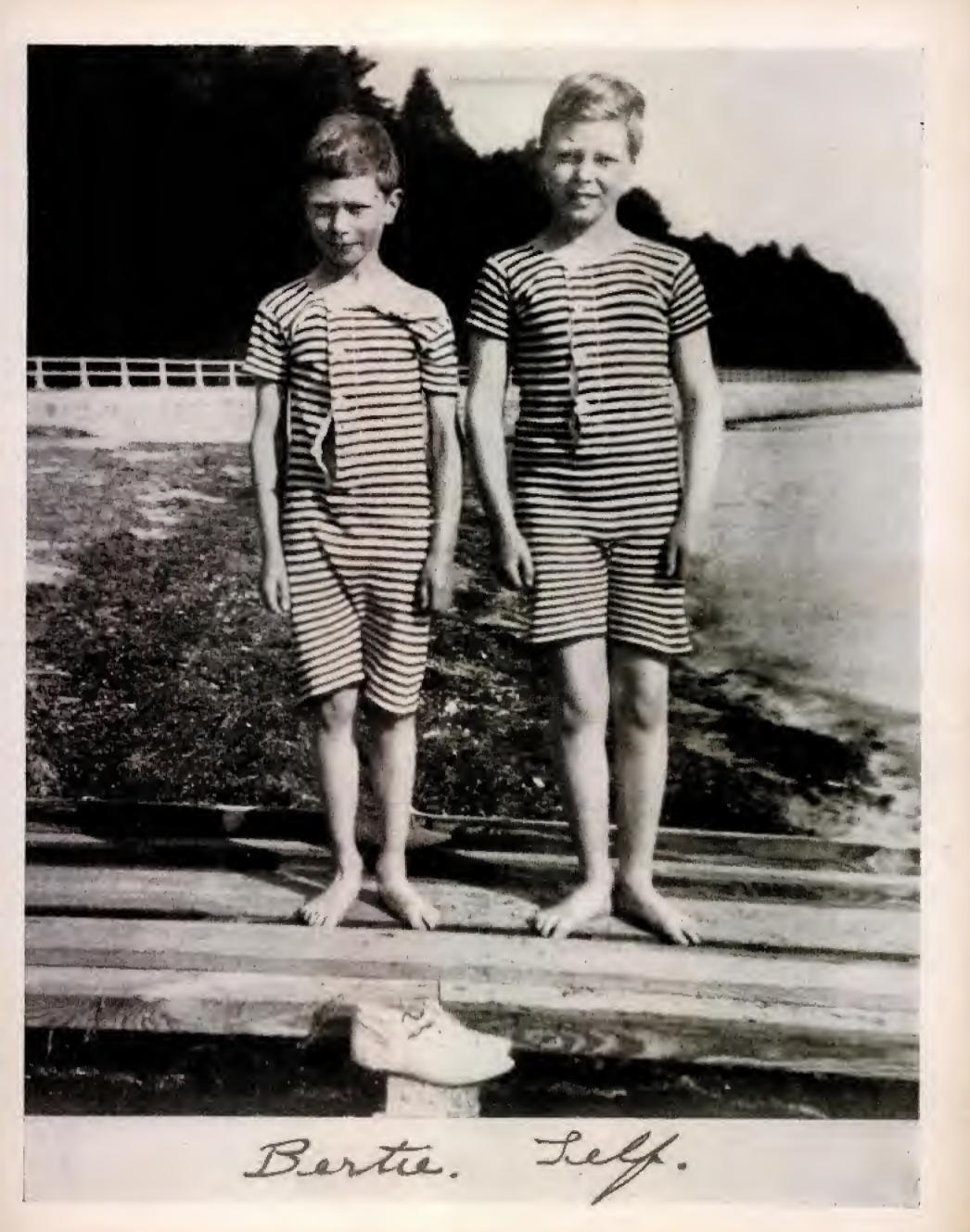
in her judgment he was being harsh with us.

Her own family being in more modest circumstances than my father's, she had been brought up in a simple English way. Long stays abroad on the continent of Europe had mellowed her outlook and from study and observation she had acquired an amazing sense of the historical and an almost professional knowledge of antique furniture and objets d'art. None of her relations could match her précise and encyclopedic memory, whether applied to the tangled genealogies of the ruling dynasties of Europe or the heirlooms and souvenirs of the family.

With the birth of each new child, Mama started an album in which she painstakingly recorded each of the progressive stages of our childhood—the dates upon which "Baby cut his (or her) first tooth," or took "his (or her) first step," with a lock of hair in-

serted on the day of the first haircut.

The thing that we children looked forward to most in the day was to gather around Mama in her room after our tea of mullins, jam and milk, the last meal of the day. She would be in a negligee, resting on her sofa, and she would talk and read to us. Her soft

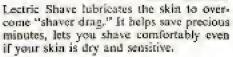


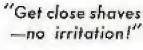


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Lectric Shave conditions your face and beard for a closer, longer lasting shave. And it's good for your shaver's cutting head.





MAKES ELECTRIC EASIER SHAVING



os for Tots

This Eagleknit is 100% pure wool-and knit to fit! Note the cozy little ear laps. There are many Eagleknit styles to choose from-and surprisingly inexpensive. If you have difficulty finding the style you want, write Eagle Knitting Mills, Inc., Milwaukee.

KIDS

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

voice, the cultivated mind, the cozy room overflowing with personal treasures, were all inseparable ingredients of the happiness associated with this last hour of a child's day.

But being also practical by nature, my mother taught us to employ this time making woolen comforters for one of her many charities. She showed us how to work these garments on round wooden rings with brass pegs. While she read, we busily wove the wool around each peg, and at the completion of a circle, slipped the yara over each to form a crochet stitch, and eventually a comforter five feet in length.

As a small boy I enjoyed making these things more than did my sister or my brothers. Many years later, during an enforced period

in bed while recovering from a riding accident, I became quite proficient with a crochet needle. At the beginning of the last war, when attached to a British mission with the French army, I was obliged to make long motor trips back and forth in the combat zone, I returned once again to my gentle diversion, as a means of killing time. This was during the period of the socalled "phony war," and I was understandably discreet about my hobby at first. It would hardly have done for the story to get around that the Duke of Windsor in the uniform of a majorgeneral of the British Army had been seen bowling along the roads behind the Maginot Line, crocheting. Nevertheless, cro-cheting did for me what detective novels do for statesmen. It relaxed my mind and, incidentally, provided a number of anonymous but not unwor-



FROM WALTER JONES, village schoolmaster, I learned about nature.

thy samples for a charity my wife organized for the French army. When I was nearly 8 a new personality was injected into my life. Frederick Finch came from a line of family retainers in the service of the Dukes of Wellington. His father had been body-servant to the old Iron Duke himself. Beginning as my male "Nanny" he shined my shoes, nursed me when I was sick, scrubbed my hands and face and knelt with me when I said my prayers at night. As I grew older he became my valet-but a valet who played golf and shot and rode with me. Still later, he became my butler. Now retired, aged 77, he lives in a little cottage in Berkshire with perhaps more than his share of memories.

Not long ago Finch told a friend of mine that as a boy I had been a handful-"or, if I might use the word, a 'stuhborn' character." He went on to describe an occasion when he played the role of "rod and pickle." Evidently, one afternoon when my sister was supposed to be taking a nap, I had gone into the nursery and kicked up a fuss. My father was out shooting, and no one dared to disturb my mother. My sister's harassed nurse, Lala Bill, stormed into Finch's room, crying, "That boy is impossible. If you don't give him a thrashing, I will," Finch marched me off to the bedroom, laid me face down on the bed, and while I kicked and yelled, laid a large hand upon that part of the anatomy which nature has conveniently provided for the chastisement of small boys. I subbed a long time and swore to get even with Finch by threatening that my brother would tell my father what he had done. That night at tea time, my mother heard the whole story from Bertie and Mary, and I was sent back to Finch's room to apologize for having been such a nuisance. That, at any rate, is Finch's story; for myself I can only say that I have absolutely no recollection of the incident and may have rubbed from my memory a scene that I did not choose to remember. Finch is a man of probity; let his testimony stand.

In 1901 my father returned from an eight-month tour of the British Empire. Coming upon us afresh after that long absence, he was appalled to discover how little Bertie and I knew. I was then 71/2an age which customarily finds the sons of upper-class English families deposited in a fashionable preparatory school to be ruled by the classics and the master's rod. By tradition, however, the education of British princes had remained the province of the private tutor; and my father's immediate response to the nursery crisis was to import without delay a tutor of impeccable connections.

Thus one day there appeared in our midst a very tall, gaunt,

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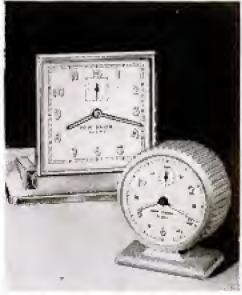
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NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

solemn gentleman, Henry Peter Hansell. A graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, Hansell was a typical English schoolmaster of a period which demanded of its fashionable pedagogues not only a broad command of the classics and Protestant doctrine but proficiency in several forms of athletics as well. He had played football at Oxford, was a six-handicap golfer and a crack rifle shot. He thus combined a mild and graceful scholarship with a muscular Christianity, accented by tweeds and an ever-present pipe. Needless to say he was a bachelor.

Save for the sporadic interventions of my parents, these two men, Hansell and Finch, brought me and my three brothers up, until one by one we went off to school. They made a good team, and of the two, I sometimes think that the servant had a stronger influence, possessing a livelier comprehension of a small boy's secret interests and of his inhibitions as well as his ambitions,

There was a "schoolroom" in each of the four houses we occapied at different seasons of the year. At York Cottage, it was a small room on the second floor overlooking the pond; at Marlborough House, a larger one on the first floor facing the backs of the tall buildings that form the courtyard.

Mary had her own governess, Mademoiselle José Dussau, and except when Hansell was on holiday and we joined her class, she did her lessons alone. Mary loved her governess, who was a great favorite with my parents. To us boys, however, "Mademoiselle" was a tattletale who spoiled Mary and kept us in a constant state of apprehension lest she give us away to our parents.

The tutor's secret hobby

DUNCTUALLY at 9 o'rlock, Bertie and I would be at our desks and Hansell would enter the schoolroom with a schoolmaster's formality. A stranger observing his detached and impersonal air would scarcely have suspected that he had just finished having breakfast with us. We would study for two hours, then be let out for half an hour of play, with another hour of work before lunch, As a rule Hansell would hunch with us, as would Mary and her "Mademoiselle." On prescribed days only French would be spoken at meals. This was tough on Bertie and me, since Mary, speaking the language all day with her French governess, was far more practised in it than we. The afternoons were taken up with outdoor games, an hour or two of further study and, of course, tea. Saturday was our free day. Sunday morning always meant church and we never missed that.

That was the daily round of my childhood. In London, Hansell would vary the schedule with excursions to churches, historical buildings, museums or galleries in order to give us a sense of the people and times which were the subjects of our lessons. It gradually dawned upon us that Bansell had a secret passion. I would not call him a pious man, yet he loved churches, not so much as a worshiper but rather as a connoissem of religious structures. He loved to wander around a church, contemplating the architectural details and savoring the tranquility. But far from being alone in this unique specialty, he was, we found, a member of a kind of club of cathedral lovers. We children considered this a strange and morbid hobby; yet we were obliged to participate in it, since Hansell, whenever he took us on a day's onting, would sooner or later head with a collector's zeal for some church he was anxious to examine. Many an hour that we would have preferred to spend in the warm sunshine was given to wandering around in Hausell's wake in the cold, dank, ceric atmosphere of vast naves and cavelike crypts.

Because mathematics was not Hansell's forte, and since it was also a subject to which I proved allergie, both he and I presently came under my father's censure. Thinking that Hansell's approach was too theoretical, my father tried to fire our interest with practical problems of his own devising, such as striking the average weight of his kill during the deer-stalking season. Made impatient by our inability to cope even with these problems, he engaged a special tutor to teach us nothing but mathematics, Mr. David, a Welshman with knock knees and a taste for Craven A tobacco, struggled with us in arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry, during ins holidays from Tombridge School, this gallant efforts were not entirely unrewarded. At Frogmore the formidable Canon Dalton of St. George's Chapel, who had been my father's tutor in the Navy, would stride down the hill to lecture us on the Scriptures, in a voice that boomed like Big Ben. It is a fascinating commentary upon the flexibility of British society that this man who played so influential a part in molding the character of a royal prince should himself have produced under the shadows of Windsor Castle a son, Hugh Dalton, who was until recently the Chancellor of the Ex-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



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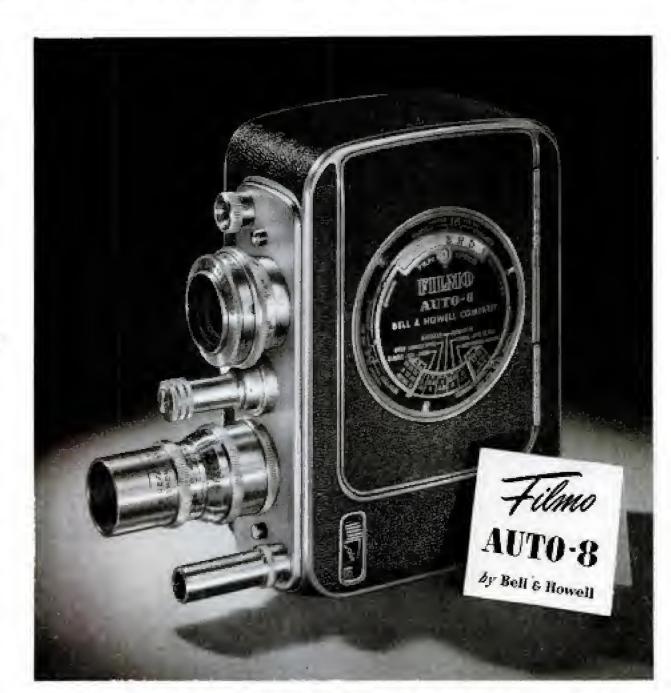
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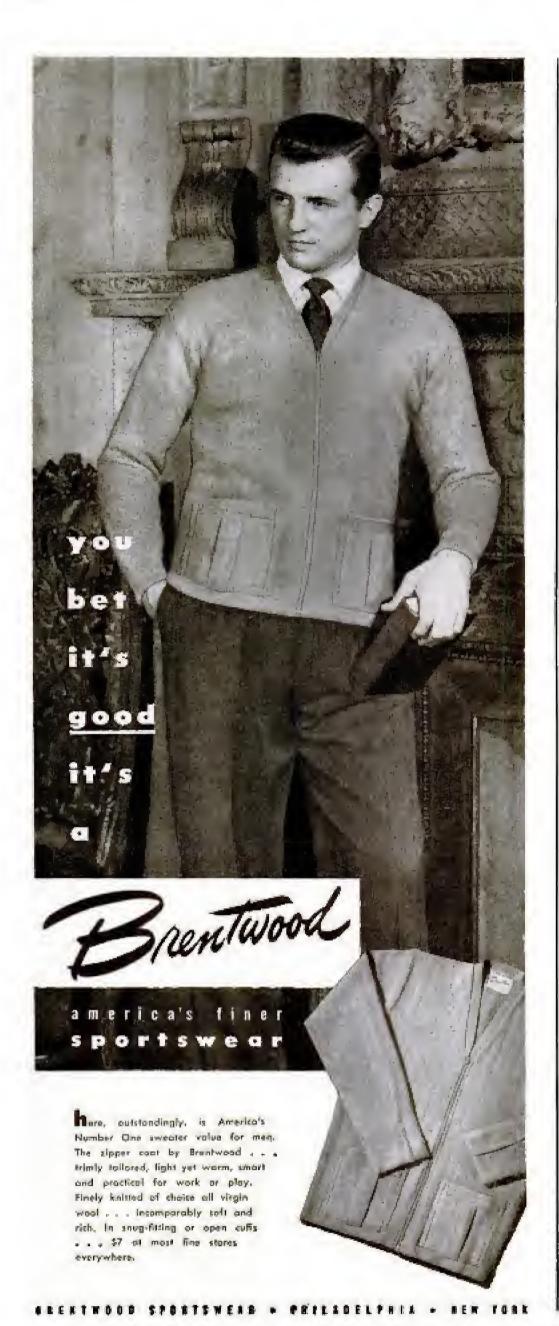
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AT SANDRINGHAM Bertie (center right) and I played football in teams made up of the sons of the coachmen, gardeners, and gamekeepers.

chequer of a Socialist government. And to teach me French, the diplomatic language of the time, my father had resort to another of his old Navy tutors, a gentleman with a bushy, black beard, an enormous bald head and the improbable name of M. Cabriel Hun. Since he had achieved but indifferent success with my father, I was never able to understand why Hua was expected to succeed with me. He was a friendly man, yet like all French professors he did not escape the fate of becoming, at the hands of British schoolboys, the butt of crude practical jokes.

Frogs' legs and tadpoles

ONE day, at lunch, when we were at Frogmore, M. Hua digressed from a long-winded exposition of the subtleties of the French indefinite article to praise the excellences of French cuisine, dwelling with particular rapture on the succulence of frogs' legs. As we children had never caten them, our immediate reaction was that Hua was making up a good story. But as he talked on his earnestness impressed us, and it finally dawned on us that not only did this annoying man eat frogs' legs; he actually preferred them above other food.

I think it was Mary who first had the idea of exploiting Hua's eccentricity, but my mother was in on it too. Armed with a fine mesh net and a bucket, we sallied forth to the lake in search of frogs. But as it was the spawning season, we had to content ourselves with a catch of tadpoles. These we carried triumphantly to the kitchen, and instructed the chef to broil them and serve them on toast that evening as a special savory dish for the French tutor.

M. Hua was, of course, completely ignorant of the plot, and when the time came for the savory and the footman passed the dish to the frog eater, I saw in a side glance that all the conspirators

wore an expression of angelic satisfaction.

Of course it had never been our intention to let the professor eat the tadpoles, but before my mother could utter a warning he was attacking the toast with knife and fork and conveying the half of it to his mouth with a gesture of anticipation. Mama cried, "No, No?" and stammered that it was all a joke and that his special savory was not meant to be eaten. My impression is that M. Hua gallantly swallowed what was already in his mouth, but pure hatred was in the glance with which he swept the table; and with a curt bow to my mother that was like cocking a shotgun, he flounced from the dining-room. Mama's eyes twinkled. "I am'afraid, children," she said softly, "that between frogs' legs and tadpoles the French gourmets draw a fine line."

From M. Hua, my brother and I learned one polite accomplishment—the ability to recite in French. This accomplishment was the origin of a novel way of saying happy birthday to my parents and grandparents on their individual birthdays. In advance of the family celebration, each of us would choose a poem, which we would undertake to memorize, and copy with painful care on long sheets of foolscap, which were then bound with bright ribbons. At the party we children would advance all in a row, recite our little pieces, and then present the copies. My parents usually so arranged it that these prodigies of memory were performed in the privacy of the family. But at Sandringham my grandparents liked to invite their guests to listen to the performance. My grandfather was



Doctor? Lawyer? Merchant? Chief?

What will these babies be 25 or 50 years from now?

Many things and many people will shape their lives, of course. Parents, home, friends, teachers. And one big factor will be health.

Fortunately, babies born today enjoy far more chance of good health and long life than their parents or grandparents did. For example, only 30 years ago, one baby out of every 10 died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in 20. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 66 years.

This priceless gift of life and health has come largely through the skill and research

of the medical profession. And nutrition has played a part.

Good eating contributes to good health. Our knowledge of what to eat and when and why has vastly increased in recent years. It will grow even faster in the years ahead—aided by research in great laboratories like those of National Dairy. There, National Dairy men and women work constantly with milk, nature's most nearly perject food—protecting its quality—creating new foods and products from it.

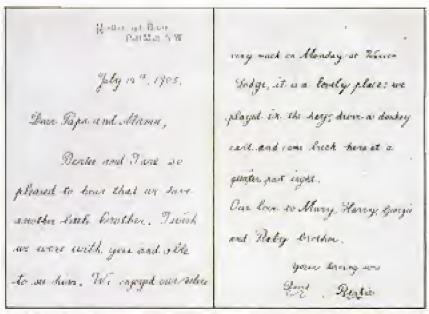
As medical and nutritional research advance together, they carry the hope of healthier citizens, and a better world.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food ...as a base for the development of new products and materials ... as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.









JOINT LETTER of congratulation to our parents was written by me and Hertic when our youngest brother, Johnnie, was born in 1905, He died in 1919.

always polite in his applause, but no more so than my grandmother, who was stone deal; hence I was never quite sure whether either one derived much pleasure from these acts of virtuosity. In any case, for us children the whole business was a nightmare, entailing hours of memorizing and copying until we were word and letter perfect.

"Upon the good education of princes . . . the welfare of the world depends." Thus expounded the Prince Consort in blocking out for my grandfather an educational program which in its severity and harshness seemed more appropriate for the rehabilitation of a criminal. To the extent that the end desired was a soher, learned and rigorous mind, that strait-laced program had failed notoriously in the case of my spirited grandfather, and on looking back over my first five happy years under Hansell—happy but curiously ineffectual years—I am forced to admit that by contrast a milder regime had little if any more success with me.

Preparing for the Navy

MY lack of progress used to worry my mother, who once exclaimed, "But these children are terribly ignorant!" My father in his more direct way attributed the trouble directly to my dumbness. Yet quite apart from the question of whether I possessed the intellectual equipment to make a good student, the circumstances of my birth combined with the constitutional constraints of a monarchial democracy to dilute and slow down my preparation for the modern world.

For one thing, I never knew the spur of competition until I was nearly 13 and had gone to a naval school. While its absence no doubt made my childhood pleasanter, those formative years were devoid of the sudden creative bursts and ranging interests that are normally inspired by the competitive association of young boys,

Then, too, the fact that I was destined from birth for the Navy tended to throw an iron ring around my education. Indeed, about the only condition enjoined on Hansell by my father was that I should be able to pass the entrance examination for naval cadets by the time I was 12½ years old. Because Greek and Latin were not required for the Navy, my father saw no sense in my learning them. Nor did I ever know those wonderful books that my friend, Winston Churchill, taught himself to read—Gibbon, Macaulay and all the rest.

Yet in justice to Hansell, it must be said that he appreciated the shortcomings of his tutoring. Possibly at the risk of losing his job, he repeatedly warned my father that if ever I was to catch up with my contemporaries, with whom I would have to compete in the Navy entrance examinations, I should be sent to a good preparatory school where my intellectual development would be stimulated. My father would not hear of it. "Send this boy to a private school and he will only acquire a lot of bad habits," he declared. "The Navy will teach him all that he needs to know."

My father had another fixed idea about my education. It was that I should never think that as a Prince I was in any way better than or different from other people. To be sure, by "other people" he meant the children of the well-born. His worst fear was that in an atmosphere dominated by governesses, tutors and nurses we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



Typical example 87: the tire that outwears prewar tires!

CHARLES E. WATSON knows tires. He services automobiles in Portland, Oregon. In eight months' driving, he writes, his B. F. Goodrich tires west "188,105 miles under the hardest possible passenger service—and as you can see, there is plenty of tread left".

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TO MY BELOVED WIFE...

- by courtesy of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco

(As a "Sock and Nasktie Veteran" of many Christmases, I am addressing this open letter to my wife — God bless har — in the hope that it may solve a family problem for thousands of other patient, lang-suffering husbands.)

Dearest:

Christmas in our home is, I suppose, just like it is in a million other homes.

For the kids—toys, bicycle, roller skates, pajamas, gloves, snow-suits, etc.

For mama (that's YOU, dear) there's your "special" perfume...platinum wrist watch (excuse me—green gold)...those red alligator shoes you've been wanting—with handbag to match—and goodness knows what else!

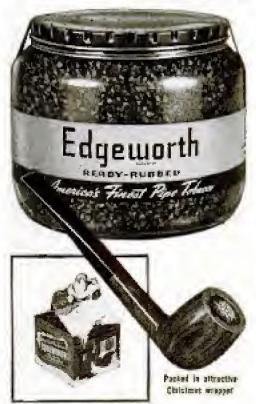
For dad (that's ME) - there's, let's see -10 pairs of socks...16 handkerchiefs and the usual barrage of flowery neckties.

Now, sweetheart, don't get the idea those things aren't welcome. Because they arel't But—please...PLEASE couldn't you just try to include a gift—something sort of personal—that will really give me a thrill when I tear off the wrapper?

What do I suggest? Well, honey, how about a pound or two of my pet tobacco — Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed." You know Edgeworth! That's the pipe tobacco you tell me "smells so good around the house!"

But listen, dear! Don't tumble for any ordinary tobaccos or even the lancy sounding brands—that smoke like something out of the perfume counter. Remember that name—Edgeworth. If you should forget—just ask the dealer for America's Finest Pipe Tobacco! He'll know what you mean.

Merry Christmas (ANONYMOUS)



When you give a pound of Edgeworth for Christmas, it's a reminder of your thoughtfulness for 118 hours of fragrant smoking.

Edgeworth is a gift of perfect taste.





I CRAMMED NIGHT AND DAY for my naval exam in our schoolroom at York Cottage. The scriousness with which I regarded it may be judged by the exclamation marks.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

would turn out to be prigs and snobs; hence he liked to keep us in the country, away from the sophisticated air of the Court.

Under the principle of British politics that the monarch should reign but not govern, we as a family were condemned, in the midst of an intensely political environment, to be not merely neutral but if possible apolitical. Hansell abided by this rule and, in the course of his mild excursions into current affairs, never once hinted to his royal charges that the British Tories might be wiser, nobler and

more patriotic than the Liberals.

Hansell's restraint was all the more remarkable because in the general elections of 1906 the structure of British politics was torn spart by the Liberal landslide. The events leading up to the overthrow of Arthur J. Balfour's Tory government by the Liberals under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had produced turmoil in our household. In my father's view some of the leading Liberals, David Lloyd George and even Winston Churchill, were dangerous, almost subversive characters. Excited by all the talk, Bertie and I bombarded Hansell with questions; and he, obliged to supply adequate explanation to an obvious controversy, if only to sustain our curiosity about current events, finally hit upon a fascinating device for giving us some idea of what the debate was all about. At his suggestion Bertie and I cut out silhouettes of the two rival leaders, Balfour and Campbell-Bannerman, from newspaper cartoons; according to how they fared in the voting in the different constituencies we moved the figures up a picture of a ladder on the schoolroom door. In the excitement of the race, despite Hansell's studied neutrality, I found myself pulling for Campbell-Bannerman-no doubt because he led from the start-while Bertie, for lack of another candidate, championed Balfour. The Liberals wonan overwhelming victory, and with the removal of the figures from the nursery door politics vanished from our field of interest. I ceased to be a little Liberal and Bertie a little Tory.

Reaching across the years for traces of the influences that molded my outlook, I was surprised the other day to realize that despite my having been under Hansell's care and tuition on and off for 12 years, I could not remember anything strikingly remarkable that he ever said. My impression now is that he was without strong views about anything, and consequently he never fired my imagination.

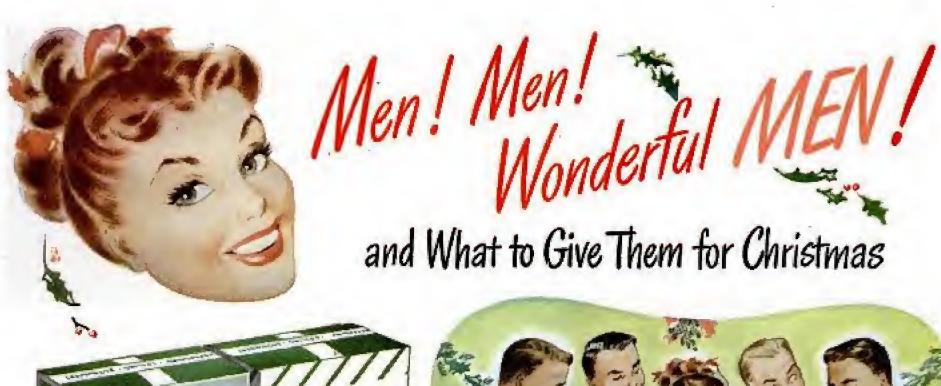
No doubt in light of the restraints laid upon the British monarchythis was all for the best. To have put a Princein the direct line of succession under the tutelage of a bold and opinionated teacher might well have led to the one conflict with which the British constitutional system cannot cope.

My sister, Mary, was our constant companion during the greater part of our leisure hours. Although she was younger than both



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If you want him to look his best, here's what he needs to do it. Mennen Skin Bracer, Shave Cream, and Talcum for Men, with a bank for his tired razor blades. All in as gay and bright a gift box as ever nestled under a Christmas tree!

GIVE HIM THIS MENNEN GIFT SET ALL HE REEDS FOR JUST \$1.25

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of us, she usually had a last word in the planning of games and bicycle excursions into the countryside. She rode better than either of us; her long curls concealed a fearlessness which made us re-

spect her.

While Mary dominated both of us, I am sure it will in no way detract from the prestige of my kingly brother when I say that when we were young I could always manage him. That is, after all, the established prerogative of older brothers. Moreover, through long observation and experimentation, we knew exactly how to make each other angry. Mary was superior to both of us. Backed by her formidable "Mademoiselle," she wielded a sweet tyranny over our affairs. If she couldn't get her own way, the threat, "I'll tell Mama," was enough to bring the two of us around.

Mine, then, was a sheltered boyhood; a country rather than a city upbringing. And since the greater part of the first 12 years of my life were spent at Sandringham, a fuller description of that large property may well serve as a background for this story. Moreover, it was there, much more than in busy London, that my brothers, my sister and I were most completely under the en-

chantment of our grandparents.

There were older and lovelier show places in England than Sandringham, but for my grandfather it summed up his idea of the good life of his time, and in another sense it exemplified a uniquely English way of life centered around the great estates; an elegant, undoubtedly paternalistic, and self-contained existence which a quarter of a century of progressive taxation has virtually destroyed.

Here Edward VII relaxed and became the Country Squire. And the pride he took in his property was in evidence when on Sunday afternoons he would himself conduct his house party on a tour of the Kennels, the Dairy, Gardens, Hothouses, and Stables, the long inspection culminating at the Stud Farm with a parade of the famous stallions and the mares and with Queen Alexandra, basket in hand, dispensing carrots. These promenades were often an ordeal for his guests, many of whom had no great interest in the turf or animal husbandry. And since they were necessarily conducted at a slow pace and entailed much standing around in the winter cold, they were sure invitations to grippe. Indeed, it was strongly suspected that severe attacks of pneumonia which subsequently whisked off several distinguished guests were contracted while they had to listen to Grandpapa's description of how Persimmon won the Derby.

Birthdays at Sandringham

IN the misty gallery of childhood memories the portrait of my grandfather seems bathed in perpetual sunlight. He was in his 60's, in the twilight of his life, when his personality began to mean something to me. And I can say in all truth that I have yet to find the man who could match his vitality, his sheer joic de vivre. And while I remember him, of course, as the focal figure of many solemn ceremonies, I like best to recall him as presiding over a well-laden table, or smoking a fine Havana cigar of Churchillean dimensions, or making gallant gestures to beautiful women.

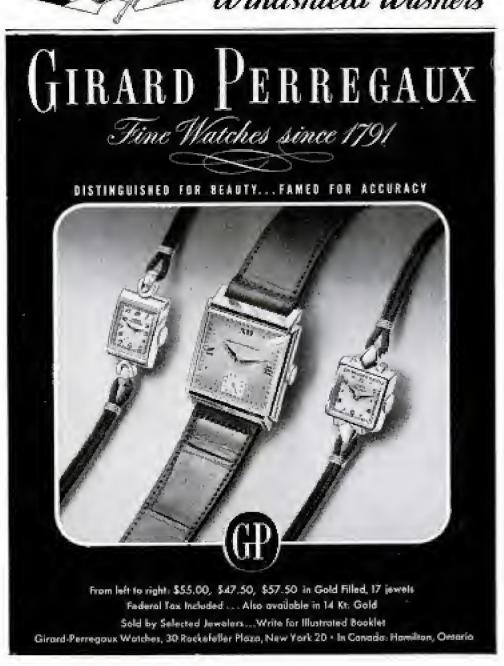
He and my grandmother always came to Sandringham for the week of November 9th, which was his birthday. Several days in advance the Big House would awaken, as a giant from his slumbers, and bustle with activity. First a small army of servants would be sent ahead. Then on the appointed day the great house would spring to life with a bonfire blaze of lights; and the crush of gravel and the clatter of horses' hoofs would herald the arrival of my grandparents with 20 or 30 guests, every gentleman with his valet, every lady with her personal maid. For a week Sandringham would bubble with festivity. Thousands of pheasants would be shot during the day, and after dinner there would be cards and music and political discussions.

If Bertie and I were up with our homework (Mary's was always in hand) we were allowed after tea to run up the hill to spend an hour in that gay company. Not that we weren't happy at home, but a visit to our grandparents was a passport to a different world, and excitement would fill me as the gaily lighted house rose up in the dusk. Inside, the huge hall known as "The Saloon" would be filled with handsome, attractive people and humming with conversation, and off on one side Gottlieb's famous orchestra, imported from London, would be playing soft music and Strauss waltzes to soothe the tired sportsmen and dispel the shock of a bad

bridge hand.

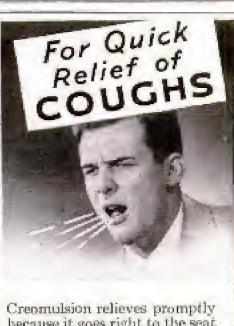
Here I caught my first tantalizing glimpse of the world outside the somewhat narrow circle of the Royal Family and its courtiers. Our own crowded cottage did not permit entertainment on such scale and our occasional guests were weighted in favor of cleries or











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WE DROVE TO CHURCH at Balmoral in a carriage. The gentleman in the top hat (right) is M. Cabriel Hun, who taught Bertie and me French.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

my father's sea-faring friends. At my grandfather's house, on the other hand, the company would include such personages as Count Albert Mensdorff and the Marquis de Soveral, two ambassadors of the old school from Vienna and Lisbon; Lord Salisbury and Lord Roseberry, both Prime Ministers of opposing parties, the last the only man to win the Derby from No. 10 Downing Street; Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Farquhar, financiers who made and handled immense fortunes; Lord Ripon and Lord Beresford, as quick and accurate with an epigram as with a gun—all men after my grandfuther's heart.

These personages would make a great show over us, which was flattering and exciting, and sometimes one of them with a mock air of conspiracy would press on us a golden sovereign or 10-shilling piece, a welcome contribution to our meagre pocket money. And far from being expected to sit rigidly on a chair in self-conscious attitudes of unimportance, as was the rule at home, we were encouraged to let loose our exuberant spirits, to romp with the guests, and to pedal our toy motors, at high speed, honking all over the house.

There is no question but that my grandparents spoiled us. And if King Edward favored me it was perhaps because he discerned even at my tender age the making of a temperament akin to his own, Perhaps remembering also his own repressed boyhood, he decided that a grandfather's role was to champion a small boy's natural interests. On my eighth birthday he gave me my most prized possession: a bicycle. It was, in any case, characteristic of him on learning that my father had refused to let me have a knife as being too dangerous, that he presented me with a great big one, brushing off my father's protest with "Nonsense, George, I have never heard of a boy without a knife."

My parents did not entirely approve of these boisterous interlades at the Big House, particularly as we almost always got home late for the hard and fast 7 o'clock bed time. But in my grandfather's philosophy, a few minutes more of fun made no difference, and though we knew a mild reproof would be in store for us on our return, the good time we had had made up for it.

But as suddenly as it had begun, the fun would stop. In a dozen coaches and fourgons piled high with baggage, the King and Queen and their friends would elatter down the drive to the station bound for London. Silence would descend over the woods and coverts; the Big House would relapse into darkness, to remain so for another few weeks. Then, shortly before my grandmother's birthday, Dec. 1, there would be the same imposing charge up the drive, with a different party of guests. There would be another week of shooting and guiety after which they would all whirl back to London again for another round of public engagements and the wind-up of the autumn season. A few days before Christmas my grandparents



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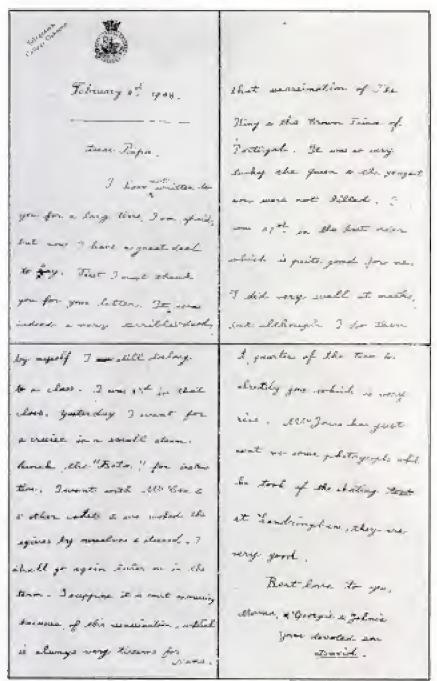
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WEEKLY LETTERS to my father were my custom while I was a Navel callet at Osborne. My father worried greatly about my "order in the term."

would be back once more for the great family party of the year. Christmas at Sandringham was Dickens in a Cartier setting, Since a serious purpose was injected into all our pleasures, Hansell would begin by explaining to us the religious meaning of the Nativity and perhaps read to us from Dickens' well-known Christmas story, and Mama would summon us around the piano to learn Christmas carols. And to remind us of the duties inherent in privilege my parents would take us on Christmas Eve to the coachhouse to watch the distribution of meat to the employes and tenants of the Estate. This was an extraordinary scene: on the white tablecloths huge, bloody joints of beef, tagged with the name of the recipients; and the King and Queen sitting near the door to exchange greetings with the tenants as they filed past, the men touching their caps, the women making a quick bob.

Back at the Big House after tea a loud beating of gongs would herald Santa Claus's arrival. We would follow him in procession into the ballroom. The great doors would swing back, revealing a fir tree from the woods, tall enough to touch the ceiling, ablaze with candles and festooned with decorations and surrounded by snowy tables heaped with presents. We children always had to wait to the last, which imposed an agonizing suspense. When at last Grandpapa signaled to us it didn't take long for the room to become a sea of wrapping paper and to resound with our yells of delight and the din of mechanical toys. Then, making our way down the hill, we would meet the village choir, carrying lanterns, heading for the Big House to sing Christmas carols for the King.

Life at Sandringham, I suppose, was as close to a boy's innate desires as the conventions governing the education of a British Prince would allow. We were all taught to ride at an early age, and as soon as we could jump a fence without falling off we were sent out fox-hunting with the West Norfolk hounds. Yet all the same Finch



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#Numes on request from this magazine

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saw to it that we learned to fish for roach with worms impaled on a bent pin. The lake close by the cottage, so tranquil in my mother's view, was for us a fertile scene of sanguinary encounters when Mary, Bertie and I fought as pirates in flat-bottomed boats.

The happiest hours of all were those in which we were left to our own devices, and these were spent mostly on our hieyeles. The parks and woodlands of Sandringham, even more than Windsor and Balmoral, became enchanted trails for two boys and a girl on rubber wheels. As a special treat we were allowed to bicycle down to the village of Wolferton to watch the afternoon train come in, pick up the mail and maybe buy some candy at the store.

If I have never known what it means to be snobbish, it is in no small measure because of the happy example of a village school-master, Mr. Walter Jones, who took over our teaching whenever Hansell went off on his holidays. Jones, speaking with a rich Yorkshire burr, was a pole removed from Hansell. But Jones was a first-rate amateur naturalist and had a wonderful way with dogs and birds, and he would take us rambling through the woodlands and on the marshes and teach us where to look for the nests of the different species of birds and to recognize their calls. And, having seen the feeble efforts of Bertie and me to play football with Mary, he organized two teams among the sons of the coachmen, gardeners, gamekeepers and other employes of the estate. If royal protocol required that my brother and I be captains of the opposing sides, that guaranteed us no additional consideration in the scrimmage.

Incident on the skating pond

THE point about life at Sandringham is that for all the outward L luxury and grandiosity, the core was a substantial human understanding. I used to tag along after my grandfather and my father while they made the rounds of the estates discussing general problems with the agent and tenant farmers or consulting lackson, the head gamekeeper, about the shooting. My father felt an abiding sense of responsibility for all these people. That no one stood on ceremony at Sandringham was illustrated by a little incident that occurred one winter on the pond. My father fancied himself as a fast skater, and he challenged Finch to a race. On a sharp turn, Finch, noted for his clumsiness, crashed into my father, who went down in a lump and lay quite still. As the horrified valet tried to raise my father's head, my father's senses returned; a nautical oath sent Finch fleeing toward the bank. Slowly my father came to his feet and without a word skated to shore, rubbing a tremendous lump on his forchead. That evening I found him in his study pour-ing a mild drink. His eyes twinkled. "You go to Finch," he said, and tell him there's no hard feelings, and tell him I'm going to beat him tomorrow."

How pleasant it all was. If we ever missed the company of other children, at least there were no intruders to contest our possessions or interfere with the fun we had evolved for ourselves. We grew up in security and detachment from the political shocks and tensions that even then were being felt in the grimy, discontented industrial cities of Britain. Reflecting the other day on some of the changes that have overtaken my life since my boyhood, it occurred to me that as regards a man's relationship to his times perhaps the most significant change has been the disappearance of privacy. I grew up before the age of photography. We were seldom recognized on the street, and when we were the salutation would be a friendly wave of the hand or, in the case of a courtier or family friend, a polite lifting of the hat.

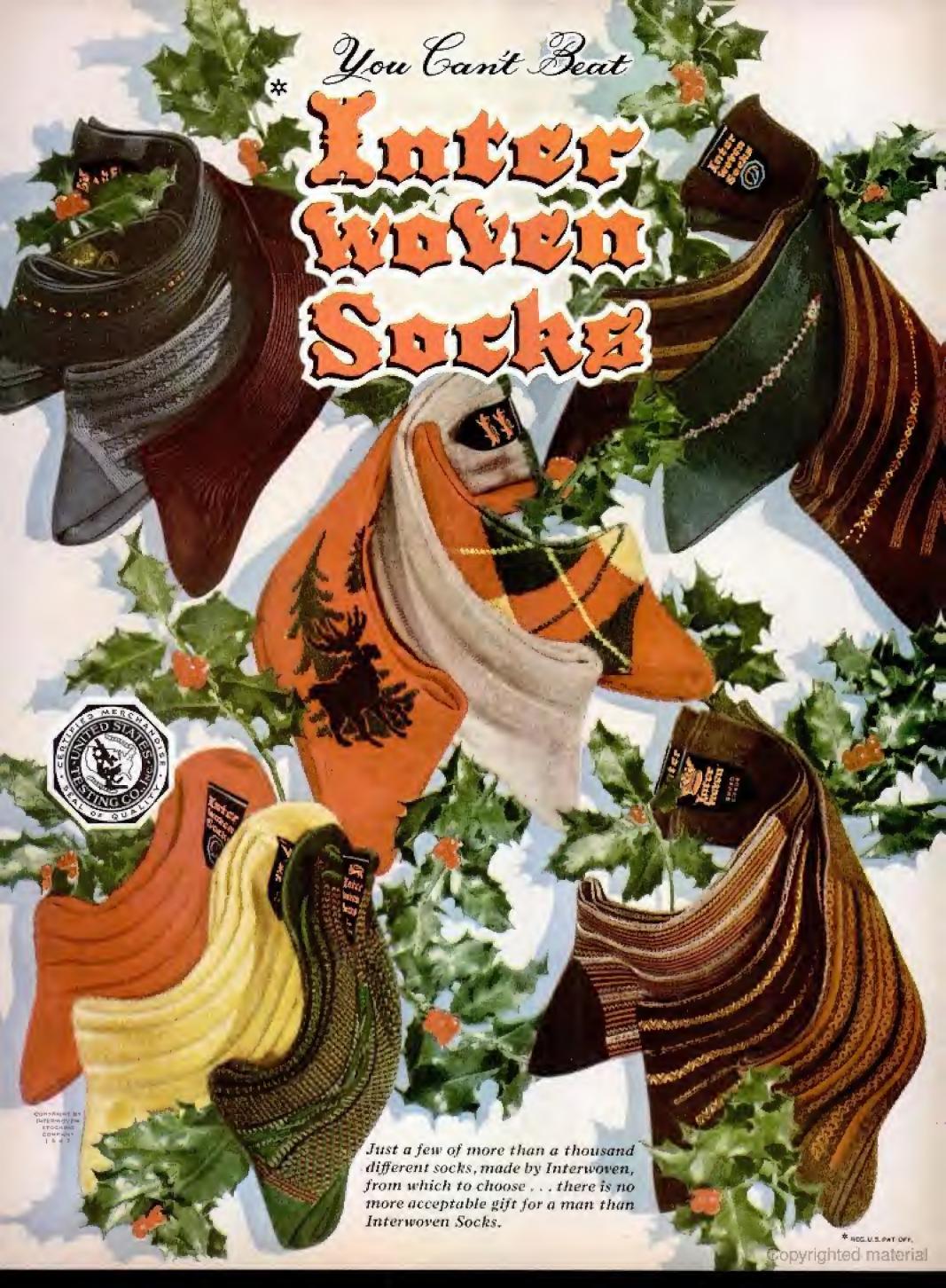
There is, alas, an end to all good things and in my case the year 1907 marked the end of my cloistered boyhood and the start of the career which my father had decided was in my best interest. I was 1234, old enough for the competitive examination for naval cadets.

The first ordeal was an oral interview by a committee of stern elder admirals and schoolmasters. One of the questions leveled at me was whether I was scared in the dark and barely had I answered a quavering no when I was asked who was my favorite author.

A few days later I was notified that I was eligible to compete in the written examination. Here indeed was the test of what I had been able to learn from Hausell. I crammed far into the night. Two weeks later, along with some 100 boys from all manner of schools in Great Britain and even from the Dominious, I sat at a desk in a public examination hall in London and for three days struggled with papers. There were only 67 places open, and I left the hall praying that I would not fail.

After days of suspense my father told me that my prayer had been answered: I had passed into the Navy and in May would enter the Royal Naval College at Osborne, near Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. A man from the famous firm of Gieves Ltd., naval outfitters,







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came to measure me for my uniform, the litting of which my father personally supervised. I was proud of the round, blue jacket with its brass buttons and cadet's white collar tab, and of my naval cap, and would parade in it before my sister and brothers. Then the fateful day of leaving arrived, and my father took me away to Osborne. Despite my most determined efforts to uphold what I guessed must be the traditions of the Royal Navy, I left Marlborough House with tears drenching my new blue uniform.

The education of a British naval cadet at that time required four years training ashore-two at Osborne and two at Dartmouth in Devonshire. To make sure that I got started right, my father took me to Portsmouth on the train; and calmed me with stories of his early naval life. Steaming down Spithead to Cowes he fell silent. Then just before the launch touched the dock he said softly, "Now that you are leaving home, David, and going out into the world,

always remember that I am your best friend."

By custom the new termors always arrived two days before the rest of the college returned from leave; this interval gave me time to shake down before the seniors appeared. It was customary for each boy of the new term to be scrutinized for peculiarities in his appearance and to be asked all manner of personal questions—his name, who his father was, where he lived. Manifestly all the answers that I could muster could not have been more damning, for, quite apart from my royal parentage and homes, the fact that I had never been to school before caused me to be regarded as a freak.

The privacy of my royal existence was rolled up like a curtain. Within a day or two of their return several sixth or senior termors decided His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, would look much better with his fair hair dyed red. So one evening, before "quarters" (evening parade), I was cornered by my betters and made to stand at attention while one of them poured a bottle of red ink over my head. The ink dropped down my neck, raining one of the few white shirts that I possessed; a moment later the bugle sounded off "Quarters,"

and the sixth termers dashed away to fall in their ranks, leav-



I FELT SCARED and lonely when my father took me to Osborne for the

ing me in a terrifying dilemma for which nothing that I had ever learned under the good Hansell

seemed to supply a solution.

If I went to "Quarters" dripping red ink, the Officer of the Day would coldly ask questions which I would be obliged to answer; that would mean telling on the seniors. And if I missed "Quarters," my name would be put in the commander's morning report, with a consequent bad mark on my record. Yet while my training had all been in the direction of supporting the constituted authority in all circumstances, a dim instinct inclined me to the latter alternative, for I wisely reasoned that my punishment at the commander's hands would be as nothing compared to what the seniors would mete out if I told. So I slunk away in the darkness to get a clean shirt out of my sea-chest. Next morning, as I feared, my name went up on the Defaulter's List, and I was sentenced to spend the leisure hours of the next three days in alternately running briskly around the stable yard while holding a rod stiffly between my shoulder blades and facing the paint work for an hour in the seamanship room.

Another form of "hazing" which caused me no little discom-fiture was a mock ceremony performed, if L can rightly recall, by the same persecutors. An empty classroom window was raised far enough to push my head through and then banged down on my neck, a crude reminder of the sad fate of Charles I, and the British capacity to deal with royalty who talked out of turn. Quite a while after the sound of the seniors' retreating footsteps had died away, my cries attracted a sympathetic passerby who released me, for-

tunately with my head intact.

Yet aside from these relatively mild republican correctives, my life at Osborne was no different from that of any other British naval cadet, which, by contrast with the pampering that goes on today in the name of progressive education, was a fairly Spartan business. Our term was divided into two watches: Starboard for the top or brainy half; Port for the dumbbells. We filled two of the 12 dormitories, each named for a British admiral, which were

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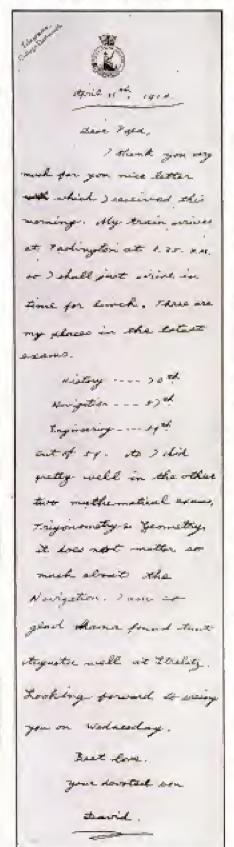
Typical example 96: the tire that outwears prewar tires!

M. C. DAMERON, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Pueblo, Colorado, weites a letter describing a typical B. F. Goodrich tire owner's experience-'All four tires are still in service . . . , they have gone 43,054 miles and the original tread is still good. This inileage is considerably more than I have ever experienced with any cire". The B. F. Goodesch Company, Akron, Ohio.

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MATHEMATICS was my worst subject, but I tried to reassure my father.

grouped around the old stables. of Osborne House erected by my great-grandmother. My dormitory bore the famous name of Exmouth and the narrow margin by which I quali-fied as a naval cadet may be judged by the fact that I began my naval career in the Port watch, class three, the very bottom.

"Reveille" at 6 o'clock in summer and 6:30 in winter was proclaimed on a blaring bugle that made me yearn for Forsyth's bagpipes. A moment later a gong would rout us out of bed and in a convulsive motion we would all kneel down and say our prayers. After the minimum time which in the cadet captain's judgment was required for the Lord to hear and take note of us, he would yank the gong twice, and, still half asleep, we would jerk to our feet and, in a communal motion, start brushing our

Once more the gong would sound—the signal for the plunge into the arctic pool at the end of the hall. Today, I have only to close my eyes to see again that pathetic crowd of naked, shivering little boys, myself among them, being herded reluctantly toward that green tiled swimming pool in the first morning light.

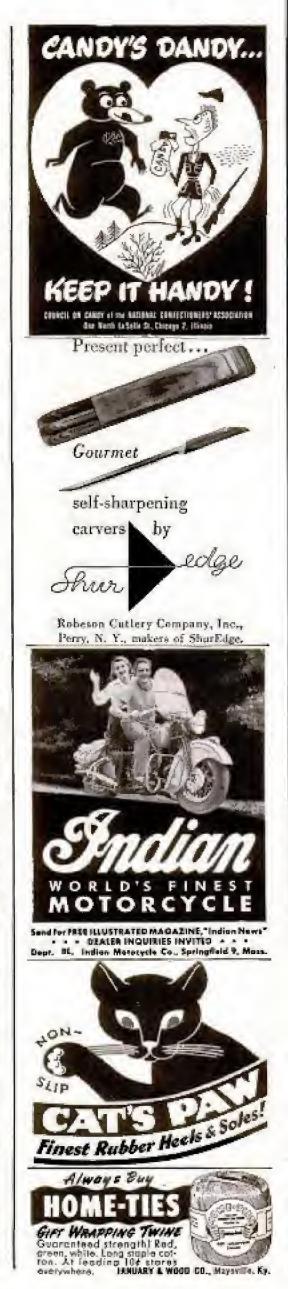
If at first it seemed especially hard to me it was because I was caught up, without the previous experience of school, in the unfamiliar community life of small boys, with all of its fierce, subtle and wonderful relationships. From having Finch to take care of my clothes and pick up after me, I now had to look after myself. And from the comfortable rooms of our different homes I found myself thrust, with some 30 other boys, into a long, bare dormitory. The orbit of my living shrank to a cheap

iron bed and a black-and-white sea chest with three compartments in which to keep my clothes, a tray and a private till.

Hansell's earlier misgivings about my ability to hold my own in the classroom were all too convincingly borne out at the end of my first term. Examinations came every four months, and marks were posted for everybody to see how he stood "in the order." However, according to a peculiar Osborne custom, we cadets, when going on leave, were required to carry the college report home in a scaled envelope, which we handed to our parent or guardian upon arrival.

At the end of the first term I was not far from the bottom. However, my father had not complained about the first report; and so, in December 1907, I have the second home to York Cottage without misgivings. While I had not distinguished myself in any subject, I was not conscious of having failed in any. As soon as the affectionate homecoming salutations were disposed of, I handed the fateful envelope to my father, who, evincing no immediate interest in its contents, put it casually in his pocket.

As there was no mention of my marks that evening at dinner, I said to myself, "This is fine." Then next morning there was Finch with a long face and a chilling summons to the cold library, and a minute later those red cloth covered walls witnessed a painful scene. My father looked me in the eye. "David," be said, "I am sorry to have to tell you that you have a bad report. Read it."





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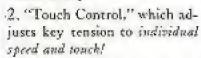
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ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING for the cardets who sang in the choir at the Royal Naval College at Osborne was a big event to me and all the other boys,

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

It was a curt, cruel document which bore no relation whatever to my own appraisal of my efforts. The sad fact was that mathematics, that specter of Hansell's tutoring, had in all of its hideous aspects pursued me to Osborne. And without applied mathematics, navigation and engineering, the two pillars of a naval officer's education, were lost to me. My father's remedy for this crisis was to engage a master from Osborne; and as soon as the Christmas festivities were over, I buckled down to work, forgoing in the interest of my survival a great part of my leave.

Yet it all seemed beyond my powers, and I fell prey to an appalling inferiority complex. When the following spring I took home the third term report, so overpowering was the sense of failure that on being summoned into the library, and without waiting for my father to speak, I burst into tears. "Come, David," he said with unexpected kindness, "this is no way for a naval cadet to act. Besides, you have quite a good report this time, and I am pleased with the

progress you have made."

My father's interest in Osborne did not stop with my studies. During holidays he would ply me with questions about how we lived, what we ate, how much time we had to ourselves, and shake his head and exclaim that the Navy had gone soft. The frown that crossed his face when he learned that I slept not in a hummock but in a bed could not have been more severe had I informed him that gun turrets had been replaced by cocktail bars. "It wasn't like that in our day, was it, Charles?" he would murmur resentfully to his lifelong friend and equerry, Sir Charles Cust, "We weren't coddled that way, were we?"

I was growing up

EVENTUALLY, by hard and bronding work during my leaves, I managed to pull myself out of the ruck of the bottom class and was able to write my father;

"I am awaiting the results of the next exam with great excitement. I was 5th in an Engineering paper the other day & now I

am 15th, in the order."

Yet I was never really secure in the subjects and in reporting to my father on my position in the order I was careful to introduce any adverse change in the best possible light.

Dear Papa,

. . . My train arrives at Padington at 1:25 p.m. so I shall just arrive in time for lunch. These are my places in the latest exams.

History = - - 30th Navigation - - 57th Engineering - - - 59th

Out of 59. As I did pretty well in the other two mathematical exams, Trigonometry & Geometry, it does not matter so much about the Navigation. . . .

your devoted son.
direct line to the thron

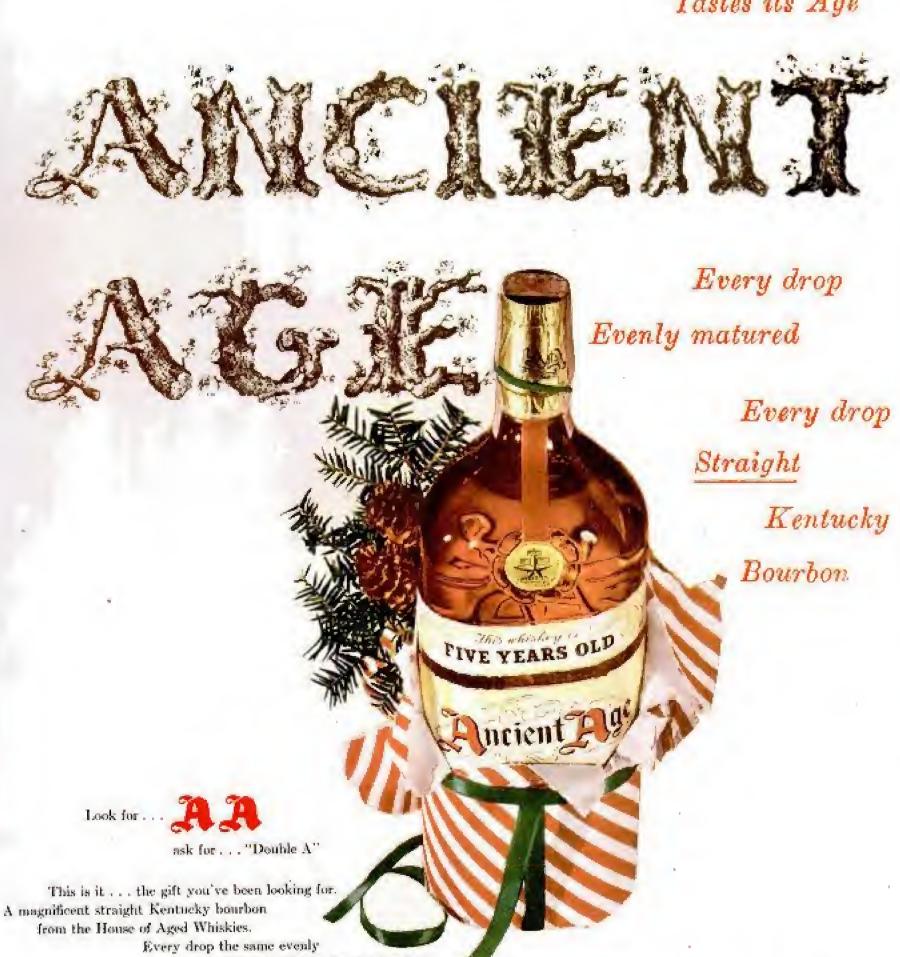
No doubt my being a Prince and in direct line to the throne saved me where other boys without these connections might well have been dismissed. But I like to think that it was on my own merits that I survived, to progress to Dartmouth, for the last two years of my naval training ashore. I took part in general school activities, and even sang in the choir, an accomplishment which

a romantic air ... for Christmas giving



Every drop

Tastes its Age



holidays before the war.

This whiskey is 5 years old, 86 proof.

matured Ancient Age with which

you celebrated many

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A Schooley Mark of Mark Whiten



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"Mini-Max" hearing wid batteries - better hearing 1-o-n-g-o-r
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THE HOUSE OF DAGGETT & RAMSDELL



had the subsidiary attraction of sometimes relieving the choristers from certain parades.

In January 1909, just before I went on to Dartmouth, my brother Bertie entered Osborne, also destined for a naval career. Since the school's rigid caste system did not permit a senior to be seen in the company of a first-termer, I dared not re-establish there the close companionship which we had always known. However, he was presently beset by the same difficulties that had nearly overpowered me, and by prearrangement we used to meet secretly back of the playing fields. Bertie would tell me his new-boy troubles, and I would try to advise him on the basis of my own experience. I am afraid that between us, with the best of intentions, we imposed quite a strain upon the college schoolmasters.

I liked Dartmouth better than Osborne and my growing happiness was in no small part associated with the increase in privileges that came with seniority. Besides, I was growing up and during the glorious holidays I was treated less as a child. I had begun to make some real friends among the boys of my term, with whom I shared those unique experiences that make boyhood such a precious thing; and stretching before me was the prospect of a Navy career, with all its glamour and traditions, the promise of travel on the seven seas and an end, I hoped, to the tutors and constraints of court life.

The first week of May 1910 found Bertie and me at Marlborough House, preparing to return to college after an Easter leave at Frogmore unmarred by a single melancholy note. However, my grandfather had just returned to London from his annual visit to Biarritz in poor health and subject to severe fits of coughing. He was then riding 70 but it was unthinkable that mere advancing age could halt that gay spirit.

My father sent for us the morning we were to start back and said. "I have wired the Captains of your two Colleges that I want you both to remain with me here for a little longer. The King's condition has taken a turn for the worse and the end may not be far off."

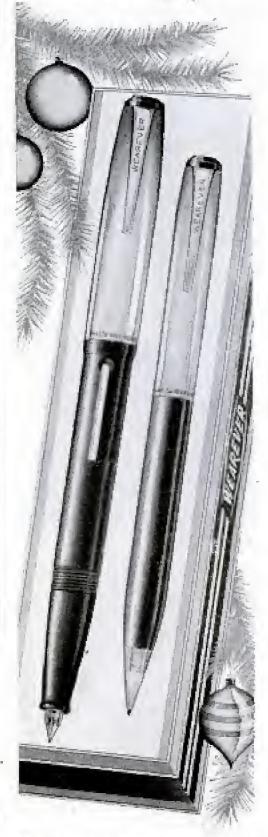
Next week:

PRINCE OF WALES



In the second installment of his story of his early life the Duke of Windsor describes his investiture at Carnarvon Castle as Prince of Wales (shown above). This next part takes his career from the death of his kingly grandfather and his subsequent succession to the title in which he became world famous, through his training cruise in the Navy, his trips to France and Germany and —on the eve of World War I—his two years at Oxford.

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The nicest Christmas present L've ever had!

I was facing my first Christmas alone when I got the letter from my son, Tom.
It said that he and Martha and little lerry wanted me with them for the holidays.

A smaller envelope inside field some tickets and a note. It said, "Here are your train and Pullman tickets—so that you can't say 'no.' We'll be waiting at the station, Love... Tom."

I knew then that they really wanted me.



I'll never forget that wonderful trip!

First the kindly Pollman porter placed my bags in a private room. I hadn't noticed the ticket said "roomette."

How I enjoyed that little room of my own, with its gleaming wash-basin, private toilet, clean towels, mirrors—everything I could have wanted-all clean and neat as could be.

How safe and song I felt as I relaxed and read in my room, while the train clicked off the miles toward the ones I loved. More and more I felt that glad lift of the heart that comes at Christmas time.

And how nice everyone was when I went to the dining par. The attendants were so courteous...the passengers so friendly.

That night, before drifting off to sleep, I recalled another phrase in Tom's letter: "Martha is counting on you to make the turkey dressing, the cranberry sauce, and a big mince pie."

It was good to be wanted at Christmas!



Next morning, soft snow had begun to fall. With a light heart. I watched it slowly cover the countryside through which we were passing.

It was going to be a white Christmas!

As we neared the end of our journey, everyone felt the spirit of the season. I was carrying puckages tied in bright ribbons. Voices were excited. Every now and then somebody laughest.

Then we were there. Tom's strong arms around my waist... Martha's hard in mine... little Jerry's wet kiss on my cheek.

I guess I was crying when I said: "fom, the Pullman ticket that brought me to you, and Martha, and Jerry, was the nicest Christmas present I've ever had!"

Go Pullman THE SAFESE,





WITH OPPOSING PLAYERS (IN WHITE) COMPLETELY BLOCKED OUT OF POSITION, TWO PHILLIPS PLAYERS LEAP INTO THE AIR FOR A REBOUND FROM THE SACKBOARD

AMATEUR PROFESSIONALS

The Phillips basketball team works for money and plays for recreation

In 1921 a young warehouse employe of the Phillips Petroleum Co. in Bartlesville, Okla. organized a company basketball team. The young warehouse employe, Kenneth ("Boots") Adams, is now the \$75,000-a-year president of the company and the basketball team, called the Phillips 66ers but better known as the Oilers, has become famous. It has won the national Amateur Athletic Union championship for the last five years. Few doubt that the Oilers could hold their own with the best professional basketball teams in the U.S.

Phillips produces its championship teams by offering career jobs to the best graduating college players in the Southwest. To maintain its amateur standing the company insists that it pays no man more than he could earn at his job if he were not a basketball player, but a star player has rarely been laid off. Phillips players work during the day (p. 153) and practice on their own time at night (next page). Eighty percent of the men who went to Bartlesville to play basketball remained on the Phillips payroll after their playing days were over. The original 1921 team is still around (right).

This year's Oilers look just as capable as ever. They opened the season by winning easy victories in their first 9 games, averaging 75 points a game, or nearly two points a minute. This season every member of the all-star Phillips team has an added incentive; a good chance to get a position on the U.S. Olympic basketball squad next summer.



THE 1921 TEAM is still with Phillips. Left to right: President K.S. Adams; H.T. Sears, W.E. Feist, I.G. Slater, K. E. Beall, M. B. Heine, all Phillips executives,





IN PRACTICE the Oilers demonstrate their fast break. Forward Lew Beck (No. 11) races down the court with his teammates following right behind him.



BACKWARD PASS goes to Carpenter when Book is too closely guarded to shoot. The Offers carely use set plays, depend on speed and shooting accuracy.



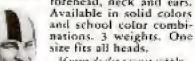
CARPENTER SCORES, leaping high to ram the ball through the net. He is 6 feet 7 inches tall but is only the second tallest man on the Phillips team.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

ACE CAPS THEM ALL

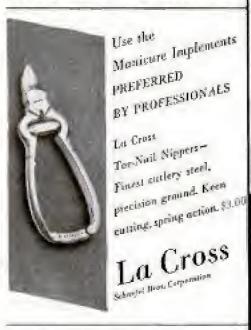
Seasoned winter sports champions prefer the genuine ACE CAP because it stays put, worn up or down. Knitted of 100% Virgin Wool. Its snug, streamlined aviator style protects forebead, neck and ears.

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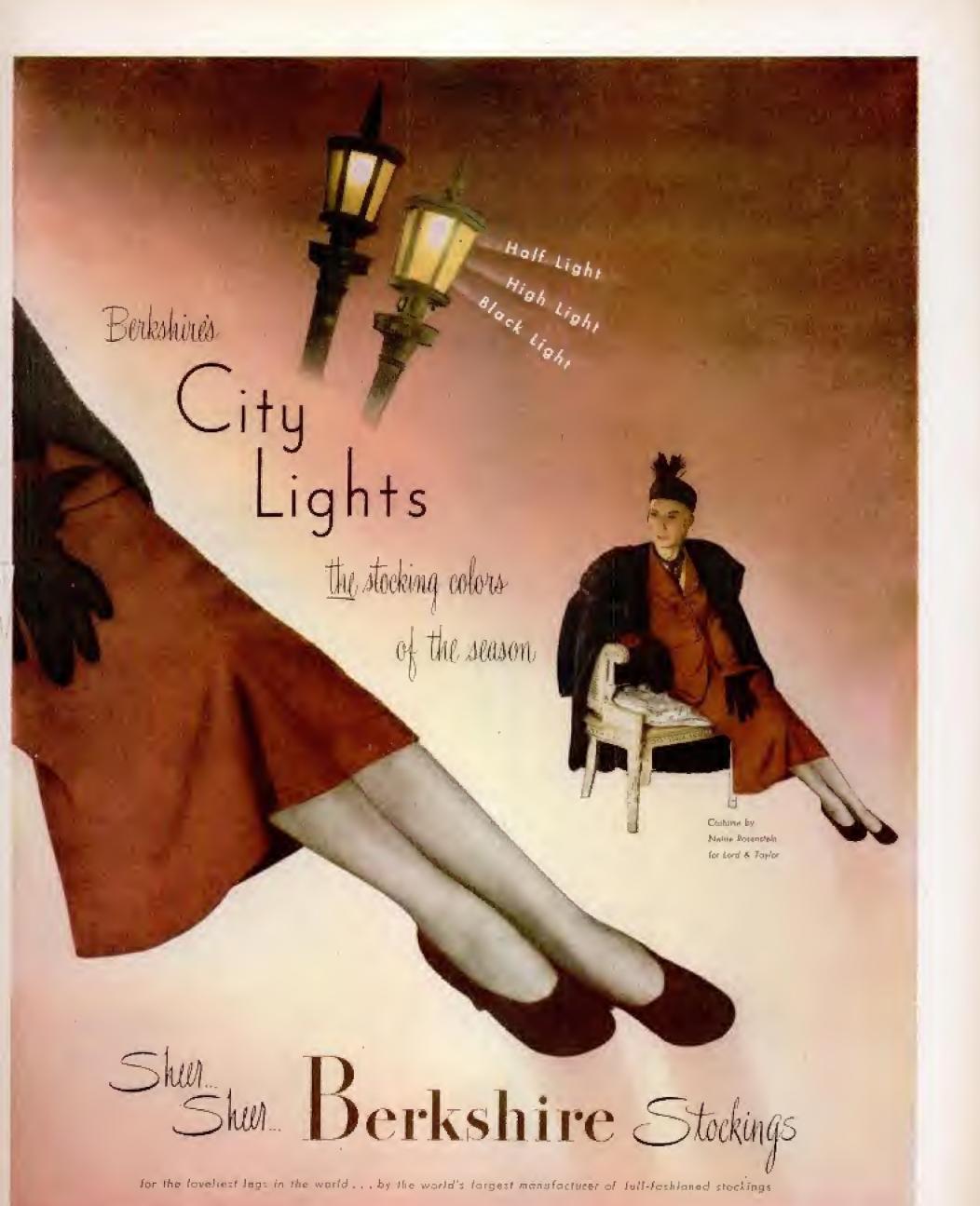




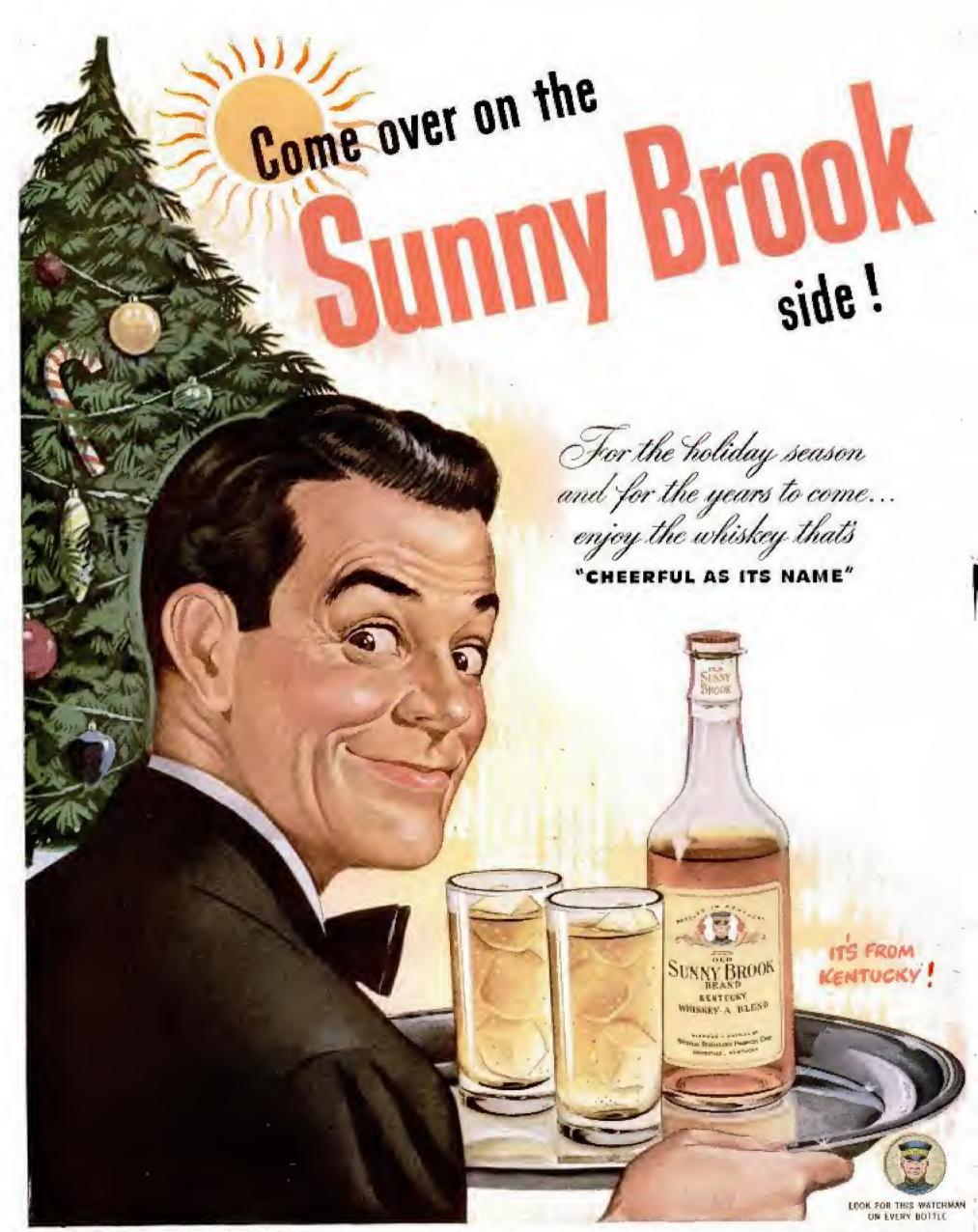


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Amateur Professionals CONTINUED





BOB KURLAND, 7-foot center who is Oilers' most spectacular player, works in Phillips warehouse (left). Right: he scores against Phoenix Constructors.





GORDON CARPENTER (in sait) is a salesman for Phillips' newly added line of fishing tackle. On team (right) he is captain, plays both guard and center.





JESSE RENICK, a Choctaw Indian, is in Phillips soles department. Until recently he filled gas tanks (left) when not playing forward on the team (right).





GERALD TUCKER is an oil-field "roughneck" (left, bending over). A college all-American, he is playing guard his first year with Oilers team (right).



OMEGA

OFFICIAL EXCLUSIVE TIMEPIECE FOR THE '48 OLYMPICS







GAME STARTS WITH A COUPLE EASILY PASSING UNDER THE BAR WHICH IS PLACED SIX FEET ABOVE FLOOR (LEFT). AS THE BAR IS LOWERED (CENTER) THE GOING

Missourians Show Life How to "Dance under a Bar"

Couples mop up the floor to win a champagne prize

The sprawling, uninhibited antics of the young people on these pages are the product of a night-club lunacy currently popular among cafe patrons of the La Salle Hotel in Kansas City, Mo. It is all part of a game called "Dancing under the Bar" which, despite the name, has nothing to do with dancing nor with the pieces' of malogany usually identified as resting places for drinks and elbows.

To play the game successfully all one needs is a supple body and a willingness to have fun at the expense of dignity. First, an arrangement of two stands and a crosspiece, sintilar to the high-jump standard used in track meets, is set up on a dance thour. The hamboo crosspiece is fitted on the top pegs of the stands and spirited couples, inveigled by a bantering master of ceremonies, are invited to try ducking under the bar without knocking it off. After the relatively simple first

WITH THE CROSSPIECE AT THE HALFWAY MARK A BERDING COUPLE STILL MANAGES TO KEEP ON ITS FEET



DRAGGING TECHNIQUE IS FAVORED BY THIS PAIR







GETS TOUGHER AND THE GIRL HAS TO INCH UNDER SIDEWAYS. TROUBLE RESULTS WHEN GIRL KNOCKS BAR OFF TRYING TO HAUL HER COMPANION THROUGH (RIGHT)

try (above, left) the bar is successively lowered for each additional attempt until it tests a mere eight inches above the dance floor. At this point the couples who have not dislodged the bar on previous attempts take a deep breath for the final effort. Shoes and coats are usually discarded by this time. Then, like a hunch of determined commandos the survivors literally crawl and slither along the floor, breathlessly trying to maneuver bulging hips and shoulders past and under the bar. Often a partner will have to be helped through the narrow passageway by a firm tag (above, right) or a gentle shove. But sometimes such cager help only serves to tickle the partner, causing the bar to be upset. The winners are given a bottle of imported champagne (right) which apparently seems to be regarded as ample reward for torn stockings, dusty trousers and a heavy workout,



AFTERWARD THE WINNERS DRINK A TOAST WITH SOME IMPORTED CHAMPAGNE

CHILD IN ARMS IS SURPRISED BY ADULT BEHAVIOR









TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, inose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic, Grooms hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lapolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
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CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM.OIL does a lot for your bair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil, No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned. 4 out of 5 who reptied said they preferred it to any other hair tooic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildren: Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for rolleving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN ... 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunevenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio
Time" Sat. atternoons, NBC Network.

HERRIS

Patrick Print



BOTTOMS-UP POSITION is utilized by this young lady as she attempts to flatten her body under the crosspicce with the corouragement of her escort.



BOTTOMS-DOWN POSITION is no better than method above. No matter which way they try it players have the same amount of anotomy to squeeze.



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A homper made of ALUMINUM—the lifetime homper that always stays beautiful. No more dist-collecting surfaces — it's smooth as parcelain.

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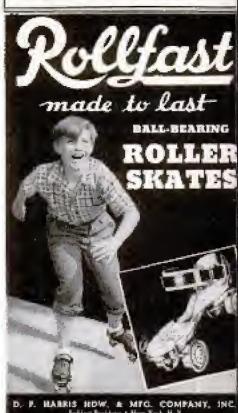
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O IVE-A-ROSS CHRISTICAND CARREST AND A CHRISTICAND CARREST AND A CHRISTICAND CARREST WHICH DEPLY THE ADVANCES OF THE ADVANCES

AMERICAN BOUKSELLINS ASSECTATION



BICYCLES ' YELOCIFEDES ' ROLLER SKATES

BICYCLES ' YELOCIFEDES ' ROLLER SKATES

"Give EVERSHARP...

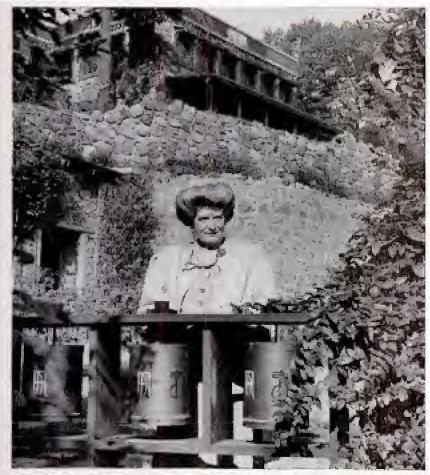
now the most perfect writing instrument the world has ever known"



Give **EVERSHARP...** and you give the <u>Fines</u>t!



MISCELLANY



MADAME MARCHAIS, probably the only lover of Tibetan culture Staten Island ever had, muses over Tibetan prayer wheels below her Lunaist temple.

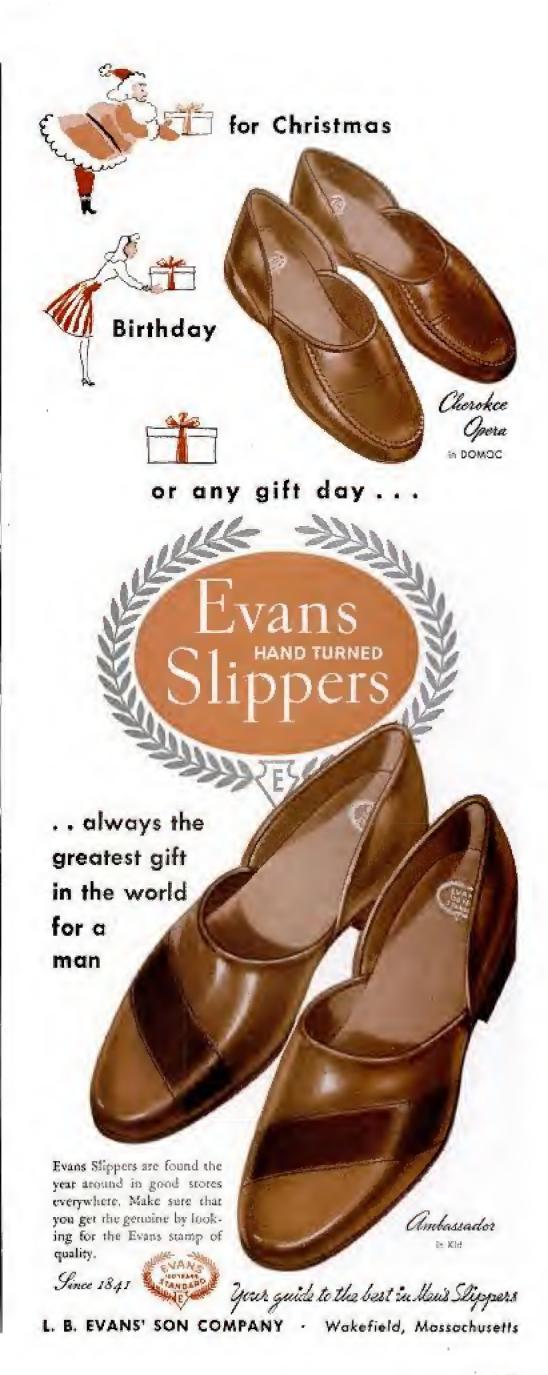
NEW YORK LAMASERY

A new Tibetan temple bewilders Staten Island

To most New Yorkers Staten Island represents little more than the far end of the city's longest and best nickel ferry ride. Recently the island acquired another, stranger distinction. It became the home of a full-scale Lamaist temple. For four years astonished Staten Islanders had watched the temple's owner, a Manhattan art dealer named Madame Jacques Marchais, supervise construction, then cram the temple with Oriental art objects culled from her gallery. Now the structure will be opened for "meditation" to devotees of Tibetan culture like Madame Marchais, whose only regret is that she never has been to Tibet.



IN THE TEMPLE LIBRARY Artist Arthur Garfield Learned also ris Tiletan culture. He painted the picture on wall of the late Panchan Lama, Tibet's ruler,





ENTHRONED in the "chanting hall" on a red lacquer chair which cause belonged to an Empress of China, Madame Marchois is flanked by bronze lions, traditional Lamaist

altar guards. Three tiers of gold and silver Buddhas rise behind her. Questioned about his wife's fancies, her hosband merely rays, "I am in the chemical business."



"Thanks-and the same to you"

CORBY'S ... A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

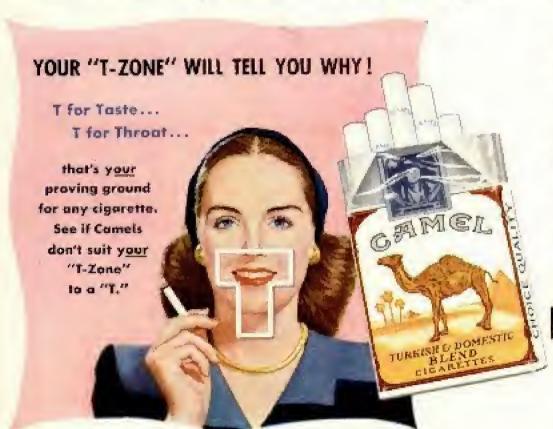
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When 114,495 doctors from cross to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the organization than sended, more discusses mined Control than any other broad!